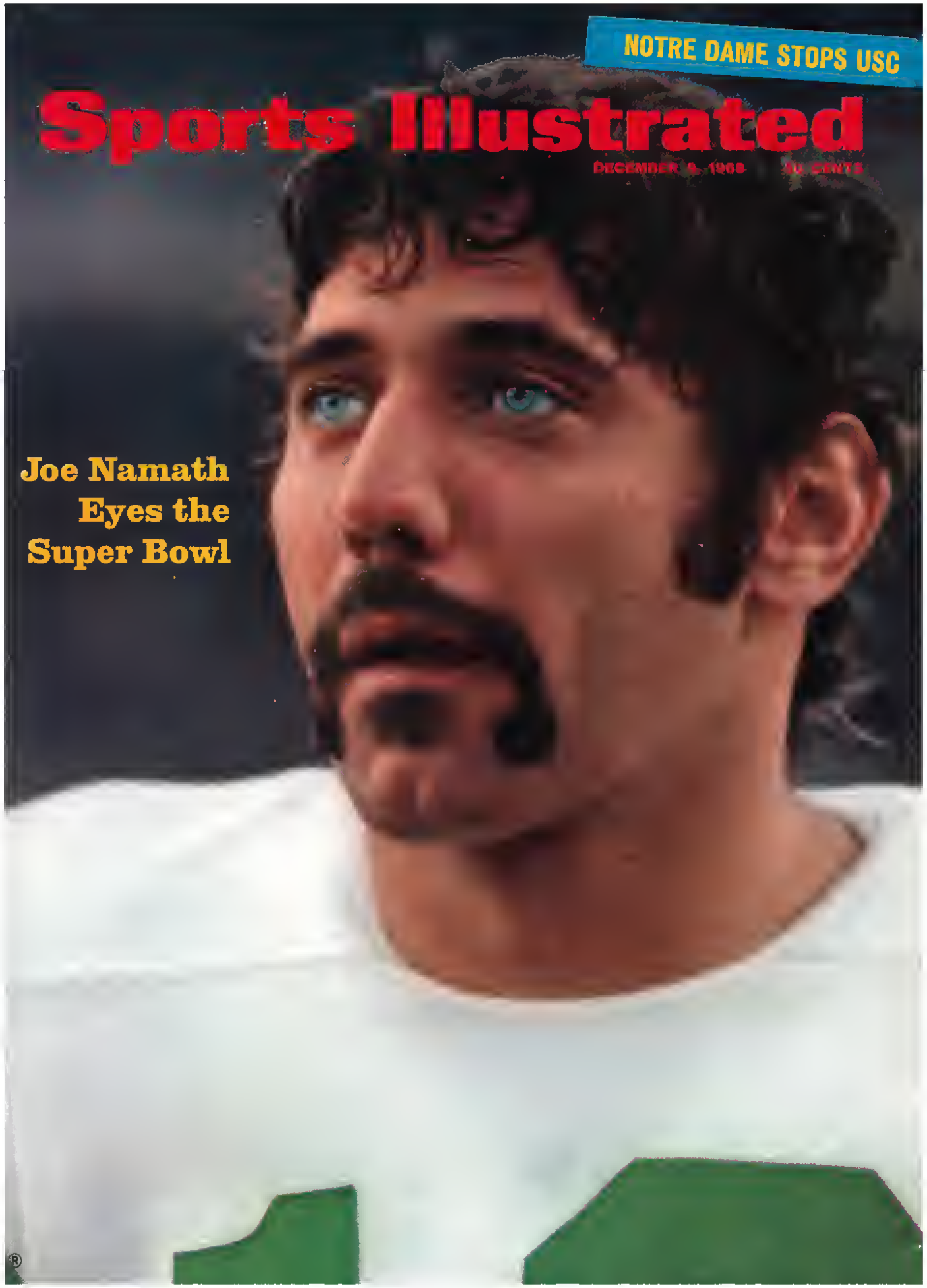

NOTRE DAME STOPS USC
Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 9, 1968
50 CENTS
Joe Namath
Eyes the
Super Bowl



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky 86 Proof, Early Times Distillery Company, Louisville Kentucky ©ETDC 1968



He did it! He gave me Arpege.

We told you. Promise her anything
but give her Arpege.
Perfume from 8.50
to $500. Eau de Lanvin
from 3.50. Dusting Powder $5.
Arpege Fluff $5. Arpege Spray $6.



LANVIN

© LANVIN PARFUMS 1980

Mr. Sloan, an NML policyowner for several years, started in business when he was 23.



O. TEMPLE SLOAN, Jr., *President, Temple Paint Inc., Raleigh, N.C.*

"BOLDNESS NEEDN'T BE RISKY IF YOU HAVE AN NML MAN ON YOUR SIDE."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained" has to be a part of the philosophy of any young businessman who wants to move ahead fast. But risks have no place when it comes to family security. ☐ That's why it's so important to call in a knowledgeable life insurance agent early. It's his job to show you how to provide the financial protection for your family that can give you the confidence to move boldly in business. ☐ A Northwestern Mutual agent is good at that job. He is a highly-trained life insurance specialist. He can tell you how, and why, NML can offer maximum protection at lower cost. ☐ Call him. He knows his business like you know yours. This should be a winning combination. Northwestern Mutual Life—Milwaukee.

NML

Contents

DECEMBER 9, 1968 *Volume 29, No 24*

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr

18 The Day They Tied up O.J.
A sophomore quarterback and a defense with an anti-Simpson plan enabled Notre Dame to jolt the Trojans

22 Gordie Goes for No. 700
On a goal-scoring streak, Detroit's ageless Gordie Howe closed in on one of sport's supreme records

24 Tea and Shiners in Glassboro
Women field hockey players sipped genteelly between rough-tough matches held to pick the national team

26 Serious Contenders for a Funny City
The Royals, all five of them, are battling to stay at the top, and absent Cincinnatians could hardly care less

32 A Champagne Party for Joe and Weeb
In a moment of sheer fantasy Edwin Shrake describes how Joe Namath and the New York Jets won the Super Bowl

40 Getting Navy's Goat
A stirring tale of poisonings, deceptions, calculations, virgins and unlucky mascots named King Puck

68 The Sharks Are Moving In
There is concern in Florida about the increasing shark population, but everyone is afraid to yell, "Shark!"

The departments

13 Scorecard
52 College Football
56 People
58 Sporting Look
62 Bridge
65 Pro Football
89 For the Record
90 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center New York, N.Y. 10020, James A. Linen, President, D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer, John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscriptions $9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands $10 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $6 a year, all others $14 a year.

Credits on page 89

Next week

THE FADING PACKERS, now struggling for survival, meet the Baltimore Colts in what could well be a decisive game for both teams. Tex Maule describes Green Bay's last stand.

NOTRE DAME, dangerous with the best sophomores in the country, takes on Lew Alcindor and UCLA. Joe Jares reports on basketball's debut in the new arena at South Bend.

AUSTRALIA'S ROSE, Lionel the aborigine, gets his first big purse to defend the bantamweight title against Chucho Castillo of Mexico. Martin Kane covers the L.A. fight.

© 1968 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There is a natural tendency at this time of year to slip into football parlance, and in the case of our college football writers, Dan Jenkins and William Johnson, it is important to note that the two of them have now gained roughly 30,770 miles rushing. This is pretty good yardage for grown men carrying typewriters through crowds, and readers will not be surprised to learn that both of them have accepted bowl bids which means they will be off somewhere covering college football while most of us are blinking our way into the New Year.

This week Jenkins reports on the Notre Dame-USC game (*page 18*), which brings his coverage to more than 32 quarters of topflight football. And Johnson writes on page 40 about King Puck, the goat that plays mascot for Navy, a story he chased all the way to Ireland and back.

Everybody knows that a football fan will go to great lengths to see a good game, and by the end of the season Jenkins and Johnson will have run up more than 32,980 and 12,400 miles, respectively, doing just that. This does not include little side trips, which help keep one's perspective: two weeks ago, between his stories on the top professional draft prospects and Notre Dame-USC, Jenkins slipped 4,280 miles away to Italy to write about the World Cup golf tournament, staying just long enough to gain a few pounds from pasta and lose a little more laundry. Johnson came home from the recent Texas A&M-LSU game, did a fast turn around his desk and caught the next flight for Dublin when he learned that Navy was on the trail of a new goat. Add 3,175 miles to Johnson's season.

Since Johnson will be back doing bowl-game previews next week, he paused on his last trip long enough to buy hand-knit Irish sweaters for the whole family, "all my Christmas shopping," he said proudly. Then he went on to play out a sort of dream sequence where, "First, I was driving along a narrow highway from Dublin to Killorglin in County Kerry on a gray drizzly morning, passing houses with thatched roofs and cheery, red-faced people on bicycles. Then, something like 72 hours later, I'm suddenly driving a rental car 198 miles between Lawrence, Kans. and Lincoln, Neb. over that flat, brown landscape. On my way to another football game. No castle ruins in sight. Just silos."

Jenkins, meanwhile, had done a fast turn of his own; hardly had he put his football notes away when he found himself playing in the pro-am tournament that accompanied the World Cup. He had not even brought clubs. Dan has learned that a fast traveler travels light—but borrowed a set and teed off with Scotland's John Panton as his partner. "Didn't do too badly, either," Jenkins said. "We finished two strokes behind the winner." Of course, he did not mention that he had twice been champion of The Golf Writers Association of America. Then, that tough assignment over, he was back on football again.

As noted, all this will add up to an impressive set of rushing-around statistics by New Year's Day, maybe even a football-writer record in the journalism conference. It is not without hazard: both Jenkins and Johnson are suffering from that dread injury, Press Box Elbow. But they assure us that with a little taping and typewriter ribbon they will rush on through the season.

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967

Editor-in-chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James A. Linen
Senior Staff Editor: Ralph Graves

Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Dan Jenkins, Martin Kane, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Jack Olsen, Colea Phinizy, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Whitney Tower, John Underwood, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Frank Deford, William Johnson, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Bob Ottum, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Werner, Lee Woodcock

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jule Campbell, Kim Chapin, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Joe Jares, Curry Kirkpatrick, Barbara La Fontaine, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, Patrick F. Putnam, Gary Ronberg, Patricia Ryan, Hugh D. Whall

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, George J. Bloodgood; DEPUTY, Thomas Vanderschmidt; ASSISTANTS, Betty Diek, Dorothy Mers, Theodore Stephney, Jean Lockhart; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Lee Balterman, Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, Roy De Carava, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Honor Fitzpatrick; Jeannette Bruce, B. Peter Carry, Gay Flood, Pamela Knight, Morton Sharnik, Hermann Weiskopf, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Anne Constable, Elisabeth Krautter, Julia Lamb, Felicia Lee, Dan Levin, Ruth M. Lieder, Rose Mary Mechem, Judy Murphy, Eugene Myslenski, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pileaf, William F. Reed Jr., Denise Rogers, Karen Samuel, Lynn Simross, Alexander F. Treadwell, Christiana Walford

Special Contributors: Myron Cope, Charles Goren, Carleton Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, William F. Talbert

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Francis O'Regan; COPY DESK, Betty DeMeester (*Chief*), Iria Herman, Roberta Frost, Janette Hegny, Deirdre Randall, Amelia Weise

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grat, Martin Nathan (*Associate Directors*), Brendan F. Mulvey (*Color Quality*), William Bernstein, Catherine Smolich, Edward Sohel, Thomas Vink-Lalnas

Special Correspondents: ASSISTANT CHIEF, Eleanore Miloovle, *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier, *Anchorage*, Stan Abbott, *Atlanta*, Jim Minter, *Austin*, Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore*, Walter Ward, *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardeaty, *Bellingham*, Dolly Connelly, *Boston*, Leo Monahan, *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston, *Carson City*, Guy Shipler Jr., *Charleston*, Warren Koon, *Charlotte*, Ronald Green, *Charlottesville*, Chris Cramer, *Chicago*, William Furlong, *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton, *Columbus*, Kaye Kessler, *Dallas*, *Fort Worth*, Wes Wise, *Denver*, Bob Bowie, *Des Moines*, Bob Aabrie, *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir, *Greensboro*, Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg*, John Travers, *Honolulu*, Ted Kurrus, *Houston*, Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny, *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary, *Las Vegas*, Tom Diskin, *Lexington*, Larry Van Hoose, *Little Rock*, Orville Henry, *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin, *Louisville*, Larry Boeck, *Memphis*, Charles Gilleapie, *Miami*, Edwin Pope, *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon, *Nashville*, Max York, *New Orleans*, Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City*, Harold Soles, *Omaha*, Hollis Limpreeht, *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix*, Frank Gianelli, *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler, *Portland*, John White, *Providence*, John Hanlon, *Salt Lake City*, George Ferguson, *San Antonio*, John Jones, *San Diego*, Jack Murphy, *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle*, Emmett Watson, *South Bend*, Joe Doyle, *St. Louis*, Bob Morrison; *St. Petersburg*, Red Marston, *Syracuse*, Bud Vander Veer, *Tallahassee*, Bill McGrotha, *Waco*, Dave Campbell, *Washington*, Martie Zad, *Winston-Salem*, Bob Hampton

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel, *Ottawa*, Dillon O'Leary, *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod, *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Foreign Bureau: CHIEF, Richard M. Clurman; DEPUTY, Edward Jackson

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (*Director*), Frederick L. Redpath, Robert W. Boyd, Jr., Peter Draa, George Karas, Doris O'Neil

Publisher: Garry Valk
Advertising Sales Director: Harry Steinbreder, Jr.
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowin
Promotion Director: Robert P. Pisier
General Manager: J. Richard Munro

Will your '69 color portable still be sharp in '76?



Yes, if it's SHARP

Compare the Sharp color picture with any of the others and you might find that some of the others look just as good.

Yes, they just might

But will they stay that way?

That's when Sharp becomes unlike the others. Sharp TV is engineered and built to stay sharp – rich, bright, true-to-life – for years to come

And that's something to think about.

Even though a Sharp will probably cost you less than the others, the price of any color TV is more than a couple of dollars So you've got a right to expect the brilliant performance you buy today to last!

It will . . . if it's Sharp. Every model – from our 12 and 14 inch portables right up to our 18 inch table model.*

And even the styling of Sharp cabinets is long-lasting. Decorator-designed to look as good five, eight and ten years from now.

We know, we have over half-a-century of experience Sharp pioneered radio and television. Sharp quality products are enjoyed all over the world. In 110 countries to be exact.

But one picture is worth 1000 words Especially if it's the longer-lasting Sharp color picture. At reputable stores most everywhere For one convenient to you, write Sharp Electronics Corporation, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

*Diagonal measurements Illustrated Model CJ 65P

Sharp's repair rate is much lower than the industry's. Based on U.S. Chamber of Commerce TV-Radio repair figures.

Remember the day your son shot his first duck?



Remember the look in your boy's eye when you gave him his 410?

Remember his reaction the first time you said, "How'd you like to go hunting with me this weekend"?

Will you ever forget the thrill when he shot his first duck?

If you're a father and son sportsman combination, you'd like more "greenheads" and "cans" to fly over your blind . . . more teal to whistle over your decoys. Right? Right!

Today there's one best way to get the job done. Join Ducks Unlimited.

Ducks Unlimited is a non-profit organization of American sportsmen dedicated to one single objective: increasing and conserving America's population of wild ducks.

Each year it invests the money it raises from duck hunters like you to create new and better duck breeding grounds in Canada. Yes, four out of five of the ducks we see on all our major flyways were hatched *in Canada.*

The governments of Canada and its Provinces work closely with Ducks Unlimited to restore breeding grounds previously drained by men or nature. The land is made available to Ducks Unlimited at no cost.

Ducks Unlimited also has built hundreds of dams and water controls for hundreds of thousands of additional acres subject to periodic floods.

Today 1,500,000 acres of prime Canadian breeding grounds are teeming with ducks —thanks to Ducks Unlimited. And in the past 31 years thousands of American sportsmen have contributed a total of over $16 million for vital wildlife projects like these.

It takes an annual contribution of only $10 a year to become a member. Many contribute as much as $200.

Send your check right now before you forget. To: **Ducks Unlimited,** P.O. Box 66300, Dept. G-8, Chicago, 60666.

While you're at it, why not take out a membership for your son, too? Nothing like starting a good habit when you're young.



FORE CHRISTMAS!

A FESTIVE 52 WEEKS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT THE NEW YEAR

Tee off this season with a complete matched set of Christmas gift subscriptions to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—a perfect choice for all those on your list who'd enjoy a lively, colorful and spirited gift that plays through a full year of sport.

Each week SI delivers a gift of memorabia writing and brilliant photography that's proudly presented and happily received.

So why not take care of some Christmas shopping right now the easy, economical way with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Simply fill out and return the SI Christmas order card bound into this issue. Your gift will arrive just as you'd expect: heralded by an announcement card, in your name and beginning with SI's Special Holiday Issue announcing the Sportsman of the Year.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611



Olds Delta 88 Royale: The bold and the beautiful.

Meet our new top-of-the-line 88. It brings youthful flair and excitement to the big-car world: Vinyl top. Pinstriping. Chrome fender louvers. Buckets or Custom Sport Seat. All standard. These are only openers. The Delta 88 Royale has a lot more going for it. Rocket 455 V-8. Roomier, easier-to-load trunk. Longer, 124-inch wheelbase.

Royale—youngmobile thinking in a big, beautiful package. **Escape from the ordinary.**

OLDSMOBILE
NOW SHOWING
YOUNGMOBILE THINKING 1969

*Mfrs. suggested retail price.



The complete works of Sony: Including the famous unfinished stereo.



Sony® presents variations on a theme. Everything from complete stereo systems to the famous mini-but-mighty stereo tuner for people who'd rather finish things off themselves.

First, for people who want everything, the HP-550: a complete, compact, solid-state stereo music system with turntable, 66-watt IHF music-power amplifier, FM stereo FM/AM tuner plus speakers for $379.95.*

Or the less luxe versions: the HP-480 for $319.95,* and the HP-180W for $239.95.*

For those who only want almost everything, the HP-460, $249.95,* and HP-150A, $179.95,* have everything but a tuner.

If you just want to start something, the 8FS-50W is an FM stereo FM/AM tuner with amplifier plus speakers—the heart of a stereo system for $179.95.*

And to finish off systems that don't have tuners, there's the mini-mighty ST-80W FM stereo FM/AM tuner for $89.95.*

We even have a tuner that's more than a tuner—the 8FS-40W for $129.95.*

It has built-in speakers and runs on batteries or AC. So if you're not using it as a component tuner, you can use it as an FM stereo FM/AM portable receiver.

Of course, to appreciate the complete works of Sony, you have to hear them.

But we figured if you like what you see here, you'll know what you want to hear, see?



Do you arrive in town hoping your attaché won't run into someone you know?



An attaché that's an eyesore is hard to hide. And harder yet to explain, if you want people to think you're the success you are.

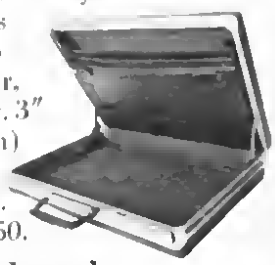
That's why we made the executive-trim Samsonite Classic Attaché the way we did.

With scuff and stain-resistant sides. A frame of the sturdiest lightweight metal ... magnesium. And hidden locks.

We've even redone the interior so it's as elegant inside as out. And just as durable, too.

So you can run all day, all week, all year with your Samsonite Attaché. And it'll still look strictly business.

Choose yours in Jet Black, Deep Olive, Scotch Briar, Oxford Grey. 3″ Commuter (shown) $30.00. Also 2″ Statesman $27.50. 5″ Diplomat $32.50.



More men depend on Samsonite®
than any other attaché on earth

At 26, he heads a 92 man company with assets well over $3 million.



As an Army officer, Captain Rendeiro is years ahead of his college contemporaries in achieving genuine management responsibilities.

The armored company he commands has equipment assets well over $3 million. His monthly operating budget is $100,000. His payroll approaches $42,700 a month.

And Captain Rendeiro has an annual income that matches his responsibilities. He has the kind of financial security most middle-agers might envy. And he's only 26!

Officer Candidate School can help you achieve this kind of responsibility. And income. At a younger age. In more challenging jobs.

Your future, your decision . . . choose **ARMY OCS.**

Army Opportunities
Dept. 100
Hampton, Va. 23366

SI 12-9-68

Please send me your free booklet, "Your Career as an Army Officer."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Phone_____ Age_____

College_____ Class of_____

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Makes trips seem shorter.



With a Tilt & Telescope Steering Wheel, you can drive longer with less fatigue. Why? Because the wheel can be telescoped into a wide choice of in-and-out settings, and moved up and down through a full range of positions. Changing wheel positions, and *your* position, helps relax your muscles. And when you feel relaxed, miles seem a lot shorter. At trip's end, GM Tilt & Telescope Wheel flips up and out of the way so you can slide easily in and out of the car. And its instant adjustability means a perfect steering wheel "fit" for anyone who takes over the driver's seat.

When you can get advantages like these for very little extra, why should you go without a Tilt & Telescope Wheel on your next full-size Oldsmobile or Cadillac? Tilt-Wheel Steering is available on Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, and Buick. For an unusually good steer, see your GM dealer. Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Michigan

GM Adjustable Steering Wheel

People who drink Old Fitzgerald don't know any better.



At **holiday hospitality time** when guests drop in, they'll appreciate the distinctive mellow flavor of Old Fitzgerald Prime, the mild 86.8 proof Bourbon.

It's the discerning host's perfect complement to fine company, fine food and fine conversation.

Serve it on-the-rocks, mixed or as an after dinner drink.

We call it Prime. Because it is.

Old Fitzgerald Prime

The most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky.

STITZEL-WELLER • AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY • ESTAB. LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849
86.8 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON



Now waiting for you in festive red velvet for holiday serving or giving

Electric accuracy came easy. It's the price that was tough.



*stays waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact.

The Electric Timex.

$39.95

Put the Electric Timex on your wrist
and you get
Electric accuracy
No winding
Dependability (It's waterproof,*
dustproof,* shock-resistant)
Elegance
This is some watch, at any price.
But at this price, it's amazing

More people buy TIMEX®
than any other watch in the world.

SCORECARD

PARSIMONY IN THE PARKS

Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall has ordered that the operations of national parks and campgrounds be cut back. Because Congress reduced funds for the recreational service, the Secretary said mournfully, there was no other recourse. Accordingly, as of this week, Carlsbad Caverns National Park will be closed every Tuesday and Wednesday. Other national parks and monuments in New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, Utah, Oklahoma and elsewhere are also closing down two days a week—different days for different parks. Tourist brochures were already out when the shutdowns were ordered, so there are going to be some very confused and disappointed park visitors—and the tourist trade (in New Mexico the third largest industry) will suffer.

Not only will communities lose business and individuals pleasure, but the government seems likely to lose more in taxes than it gains in piddling economy—and semiskilled employees of parks, motels and restaurants will be added to the welfare rolls. As Secretary Udall pointed out in his statement ordering curtailment, visits to the national parks have increased from 103 million in 1963 to 152 million in 1968, with 42 new areas added. And yet park staffs must now be reduced. Congressmen often orate about America's scenic beauties and the need for recreation, but they apparently think that these—as opposed to congressional junkets—are good things to scrimp on. The National Park Service, although it is wary of saying so, would be happy to see a public outcry and a flood of mail to Congressmen.

HOME AND HOME

The theory that the home field confers an advantage in football was put to a test recently in a game between the Kansas high school teams of Eskridge and Alta Vista. The game began, as scheduled, on the Eskridge field, cut to 50 yards in length because half the field was under water. Eskridge was ahead 13-0, when, just as the half ended, an Eskridge punt struck a field light, shorting out the lighting system and plunging the field into darkness.

Whereupon school officials loaded teams, spectators and cheerleaders into buses and moved them the 25 miles to Alta Vista, where the second half was played on a 100-yard field. In that half Alta Vista outscored Eskridge 12-0, making the final score 13-12, Eskridge. So the home-field advantage would seem to have been demonstrated conclusively. But it just may be that Eskridge is the better 50-yard team.

EQUALIZER

Stu Aberdeen, assistant basketball coach at the University of Tennessee, has bought a new broom to use this season. Not that his job entails a little light sweeping. He is only 5′ 6″, and when he demonstrates defensive techniques he uses the broom to block shots.

RACE IS ON

Matters of black and white keep cropping up in collegiate sports. At the University of Wisconsin, racial discord on the winless football team became open last week when 18 black athletes boycotted the annual football banquet. The Wisconsin situation has an unusual feature, the father of Quarterback Lew Ritcherson, one of the discontented blacks, is an assistant coach, Les Ritcherson. After Head Coach John Coatta told an interviewer earlier in the year that any racial problems had been ironed out, the elder Ritcherson told the same interviewer, "There is a black-white problem. Coatta just doesn't realize it." One of the reported black grievances was Lew's early-season loss of the starting quarterback slot.

Meanwhile, at San Jose State College, seven black members of the team refused to play in last week's game with Brigham Young on the grounds that Mormon doctrine is insulting to Negroes. The boycotters had been told that such an action would cost them their scholarships. The student council has said it will suspend all appropriations to the athletic department if any scholarships are withdrawn. San Jose Coach Harry Anderson's resignation became effective after the game. The black athletes are sponsoring Walt Roberts, a former San Jose star, as his replacement and are said to have approached an established Negro coach for permission to submit his name also.

It looks as though college sports, already ablaze with racial politics, are now in for a wave of racial rebellions, and the issues are not always going to be clear-cut. Black and white, but not clear-cut. Let us hope that the people who administer college athletics are doing some clear thinking.

SCUBA BOO

Picture the expression of a man who casts out an illegal small-mesh net and brings in a nice batch of fish and a game warden. It could happen off Oahu.

Conventional Hawaiian wardens find



it hard to catch boat or scuba fishermen in the act of violating state laws, because the violators see the wardens chugging up in their 16-foot patrol boats and desist. All that has changed around Oahu, because the marine wardens have landed, or rather sounded.

Now whenever a fisherman in the waters of Oahu ventures to do such a thing as fish with chemicals, spear undersized or out-of-season fish, spear or take lobster out of season or use one of those illicit nets, he runs the risk of being sur-

continued

DON'T KILL THE MARTINI



Mix with
BOISSIERE

(Say "Bwa-See-Air")
LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRES DRY

Bring your Martini to life with Boissiere. Crisp... subtle...extra dry...the connoisseur's vermouth It does make a difference



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U S A
MUNSON G SHAW CO NEW YORK

prised *in flagrante delicto* by a scuba-diving warden. The moment a suspected violator is observed from the shore, a marine warden is dispatched 'neath the waves to investigate. It must be awful to hear someone say "Aha!" or "Gotcha!" or "*J'accuse!*"—or even, in such circumstances, "*Aloha!*" through an underwater breathing apparatus

If the program works—and at the very least it ought to give guilty fishermen the creeps—it will be extended to all Hawaiian waters. We just hope there are stringent penalties for spearing or otherwise illegally taking a game warden.

AERIAL PSYCH

The Navy football team cannot say the Army did not give them fair, or maybe foul, warning. Last Friday, just as the Midshipmen left the academy dining hall after lunch, a civilian airplane hired by the West Pointers bombed them with 169 pounds of psychological-warfare leaflets. "Your situation is hopeless," the message began. "You support a hopeless cause. Your football team couldn't even beat Boston College." The Middies were urged, at some length, to surrender, so as to avoid "a humiliating defeat." For the sake of U.S. security, then, it is probably a good thing that Navy lost. There is no telling what would be the effect on a nation's army of having to eat 71,130 leaflets.

SOMETHING EXTRA

Last year the popular English bicycle racer Tom Simpson collapsed and died climbing a mountain in the Tour de France, and now two French athletes have drugged themselves to death.

Jean-Louis Quadri, 18, played soccer on a local amateur team near Grenoble, but dreamed of becoming a national star. Several weeks in a row he distinguished himself by playing aggressively and tirelessly, and local soccer officials promised he could play soon for a bigger team. In a game six weeks ago Quadri dribbled past the opposing eleven's defenders and prepared to boot the ball into the goal. Instead, he collapsed on the field and turned blue in the face. On his way to the hospital he died, leaving a widow of 19 with a baby of two months. An autopsy revealed the presence of amphetamines. Police investigators guessed he acquired the illegal drugs from a psychiatric hospital where he worked.

A week later, in the same region, an unheralded 23-year-old bike rider, Yves Mottin, wowed local fans by out-pedaling regional stars and winning a cross-country race. Two days later his parents discovered him dead in his bed. The family doctor refused to allow him to be buried without an autopsy. It revealed that he had been taking amphetamines. Police suspect a friend of Mottin's had smuggled the illegal drugs into France from Italy.

As in the case of Tom Simpson's death, it has not been officially announced that the soccer player or the cyclist died from an overdose of drugs, but French doctors, sports officials and fans and the entire press take it for granted. The Grenoble district attorney is investigating, the Ministry of Youth and Sports is following the case closely, the outraged press is denouncing drugs in sports, and perhaps fewer young athletic hopefuls are giving in to this form of Faustian notion

FIRST SHOT

Up in Kittila, a small Finnish village north of the Arctic Circle, an elk shot another elk. That's what all the Helsinki papers said. Three hunters had stacked arms, the story went, and were making a fire for coffee. Three elk sneaked up on them and started stamping on the rifles. When the men tried to shoo them away one elk, a big bull, advanced threateningly. The men hid behind the fire, and the other two elk went on kicking the rifles around, until finally one went off, shooting the threatening elk through the heart.

After carrying the story for two days the press shamefacedly admitted it was a hoax. But we believe it, in principle. And we have a feeling the surviving elk will be back, and next time will know how to aim.

SKIING ARRIVES

As everyone who has tried it knows, weekend skiing in the East is a sport closely related to rush-hour subway riding. One ski resort, however, is going to make it possible for skiers to run into fewer people this year.

The owners of the Windham (N.Y.) Mountain Club in the Catskills have found business to be so good and waiting lines so long and restive that they have decided to convert the public facility into a private membership operation, as in golf, tennis and yachting. Anybody can use the club on weekdays, when

crowds are generally light, but on weekends only members can ski. This year, at least, the membership will be limited to 400 so that everyone can count on 12 descents a day. Last season, believe it or not, a skier could seldom count on more than four.

THE BEAT GOES ON

This week's Gorgeous George Memorial Award, for the person who has done the most to integrate televised sports into his daily affairs, goes to Jerry Zapata, a Dallas drummer now playing with a Las Vegas combo. On nights when the Dallas Cowboys play on national television, Zapata, an avid Cowboys fan, takes the top off a bongo, puts a small portable TV set inside it and watches the game while banging away.

A COMER

If you are looking out for something fresh in the way of boxers—and who isn't?—you might keep an eye on a 26-year-old Fresno ex-marine named Mack Foster, 6' 2", 214 pounds. Foster didn't start boxing until he was 21, has been a pro for only two years and is being brought along cautiously by his manager, Pat De Furia, but he claims 19 victories in 19 professional fights, all by knockouts before the eighth round. He has a powerful build, moves well for his experience, has a good left hook and hopes to fight in New York in February, maybe against Leotis Martin. He is hungry for a shot at the title, when the time comes.

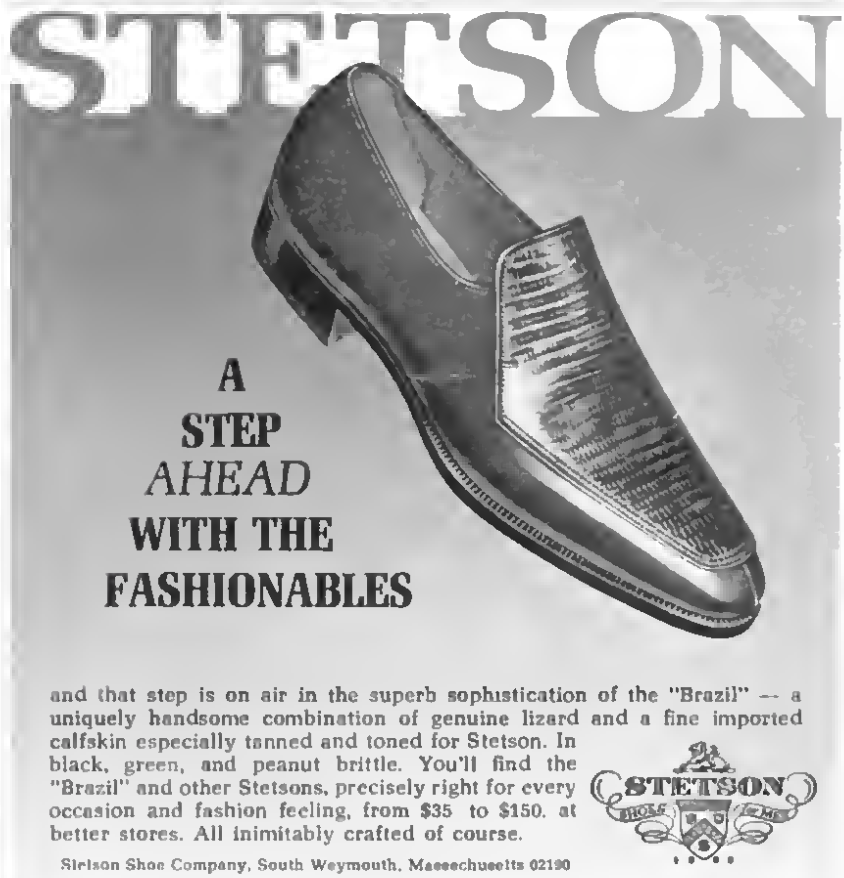
THEY SAID IT

• Don Bryant, Nebraska Sports Information Director, asked after the 47–0 loss to Oklahoma why the Nebraska coaching staff had selected no Husker nominees for Big Eight back of the week: "Be serious."

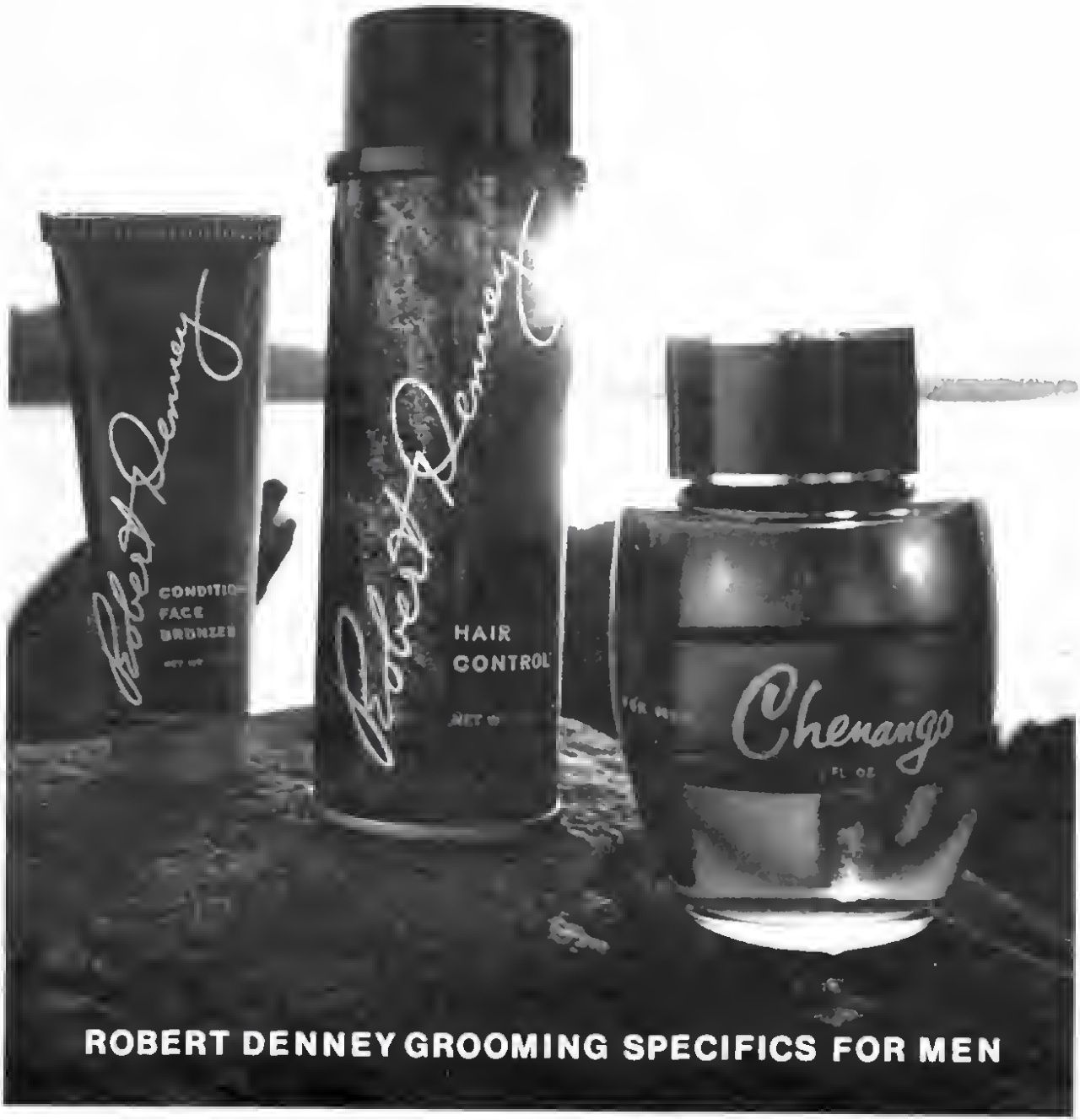
• Terry Leiweke, Houston kicker, on the pressure involved in trying the final extra point against Tulsa with the score 99–6: "I was very nervous. I felt I couldn't let the other guys down after they had got the score that close to 100. I was really on the spot."

• Kenneth W. Smith, chemist who conducted the urinalysis on disqualified Kentucky Derby winner Dancer's Image, replying to a question at the case's hearing in Louisville, after having said about a hundred times already that he could not recall certain things: "As I recall, I don't recall." **END**





...now go face the world!



ROBERT DENNEY GROOMING SPECIFICS FOR MEN



This is the 1969 Cadillac Fleetwood Eldorado with front-wheel drive. Its unique combination of beauty, performance and handling qualities has earned it recognition as the world's finest personal car. Once you drive it, you'll know why.

Cadillac



THE DAY THEY TIED UP O.J.

Notre Dame built a pocket to stuff Simpson in and unveiled a dashing young quarterback to get a winning tie against USC

by DAN JENKINS

When you see Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian on television these days he is usually coaching away in a Ford XL commercial while the golden dome sparkles in the background like a giant hubcap. But to the dismay of USC and the wonderment of a few million football followers, Salesman Parseghian drove something different into the dens and living rooms of the nation last Saturday. It was a two-door hardtop called the Theismann, a glistening surprise model. And when Parseghian whipped



USC's famed O. J. Simpson is harassed to the breaking point by Notre Dame Defensive Captain Bob Olson (36) and his forceful teammates.

the wraps off it, tires screeched and all sorts of wild things happened in a valiant 21–21 deadlock of a football game that will have old Irish and old Trojans and all your friendly neighborhood Theismann dealers talking for years.

The game turned out to be nothing like the 82,659 in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum or the hordes on television had anticipated. They had expected to see quite a contest, of course, with O. J. Simpson getting his usual 183.7 yards and scoring his usual two or three touchdowns and with the Trojans maybe winning by a point and becoming No. 1 again. What they saw instead was a splendidly prepared Notre Dame team that ate up Simpson on defense and kept the ball for hours on offense.

With sophomore Quarterback Joe Theismann (rhymes with Heisman) passing, running, faking and, most important, *leading* the Irish with unshakable confidence, Notre Dame whammed the Trojans into a 21–7 dizzy spell by the half, at which time one could mull over such statistics as these: O.J. had carried only nine times for only 23 yards; the Irish had gained 324 yards to the Trojans' 71; Parseghian's legions had run off 51 plays to just 24 for USC.

While everyone wondered where, oh where, O.J. had gone—the best theory was that either Notre Dame Tackle Mike McCoy or Linebacker Bob Olson had swallowed him—little Joe Theismann, 165 pounds of ears, nose, skin and speed, commanded Irish touchdown drives of 86, 77 and 45 yards.

continued


8
7





The first thing Theismann did during the afternoon, however, was to aim a pass at Jim Seymour but deliver it instead to USC's Sandy Durko for an interception and a Trojan touchdown on the game's second play from scrimmage. Terry Hanratty has been throwing to Seymour for three years, but Hanratty was on the sidelines on crutches. When Theismann started off like that, Irish fans would not have minded if Ara had sent Terry in, crutches and all.

"I learned long ago not to tear into anyone for a mistake," said Parseghian later. "There was plenty of time to go and, for all his moxie, Theismann didn't need to lose any confidence."

Theismann—Notre Dame has dubbed him the "Squirmin' German"—didn't lose anything, except Trojan tacklers. He came right back and cranked up the 86-yard drive for the tying touchdown, largely on his own manipulations and the slashing runs of Ron Dushney and Bob Gladieux. Calling the plays himself, Theismann repeatedly came up with the right numbers when they were needed most. By game's end he had finagled the key yardage on third-and-if and fourth-and-how situations a total of 14 times.

The second Notre Dame touchdown was easy. On the fourth play of the series Gladieux banged over left tackle on a simple pitchback. He caught USC in a disorganized defense that was stunting around in a 9-1-1, or something, and he just ran away. Ah, but this was nothing compared to what Theismann had dreamed up for a little later. Near the end of the second quarter he moved the Irish into a threatening position on some Coley O'Brien running and a big pass to Seymour. Now he faced third-and-13 for a touchdown and out came one of the best Notre Dame tricks since the feigned injury. Theismann pitched the ball back to O'Brien, the ex-quarterback who has spent his career shadowing Hanratty and combating diabetes, and O'Brien ran to the right. A sweep, folks. Nope. Suddenly O'Brien stopped and hurled a pass back across the field to—yep—Joe Theismann, who had drifted out in the flat and was frighteningly alone. So make the score 21–7, and when was the last time a thin, inexperienced sophomore went into a big game, threw a horrendous interception to put his team in a well and still came back to get his guys two touchdowns ahead of a national champion before the half? Well, Joe Theismann had, and it didn't surprise any of his coaches.

Said one, who did not want to be quoted for fear of offending the departing Hanratty, "The thing about Theismann is he's brainier than Terry, he's a better faker, a better ball handler, a fine, fine leader and almost as good a thrower."

For Theismann, the game answered some questions about himself. He had gone to South Bend not knowing if he could make it as a football player. He was more proficient as a shortstop than a skinny quarterback and was not exactly overburdened with collegiate offers, though baseball teams had talked of up to $25,000. "I think I might just devote all my time to football now," Theismann said in the locker room after the game. He also said he never lost his calm, even after the interception. "We knew we could move on them, and that we had a lot of surprise stuff we thought would work. We were worried mostly about containing O.J."

It was a glorious defensive job that Parseghian's chief assistant, John Ray, coaxed out of his unit and built into a box that could hold an O.J. This was far from the same defensive team that Purdue frolicked against several weeks ago. Seven names in the unit were different, and all 11 were in a pure fit to get at Simpson. What the Notre Dame defense did was form a cup—a "triangle," Parseghian called it—designed not for penetration but for enclosure. Notre Dame felt that Simpson's best gains had occurred on improvised runs, sliding off, darting outside, stuttering toward the line, then changing holes. The idea was to wait for him more than to go after him and it posed a problem for Steve Sogge, the crafty USC quarterback who has always done everything better than he is credited for.

It was Sogge who finally picked up the Trojans and got them the face-saving tie with his passing. Taking the second-half kickoff, he directed USC 65 yards for the touchdown that narrowed it to 21–14. O.J. made his longest run of the day on this drive, seven yards. It seemed like 30. And he scored his only touchdown on a bounce-away, go-wide streak around left end from one yard out. The touchdown was his 22nd of the season, and it is indicative of the USC offense that only once has a player other than Simpson scored a Trojan touchdown from scrimmage.

It was this drive that made it evident USC no longer felt it could win in its usual fashion—by running O.J. The two-touchdown deficit had forced USC into the air, and Simpson, who is always a slow starter, never really carried the ball enough to get warmed up. Notre Dame kept him on ice in the first half, and events kept him cold after that as he made only 55 yards—a career low—in 21 attempts.

Early in the fourth quarter Sogge's underrated arm retrieved some of USC's dignity, sustained the Trojans' undefeated string and sent them into the Rose Bowl against Ohio State at 9-0-1 with a chance to wind up as the national champion after all. The USC offense seemed unimaginative, and it was still spluttering when Sogge wound up on the Notre Dame 40-yard line and tried his umpteenth mortar shot of the day. Sam Dickerson was racing at top speed just ahead of Chuck Zloch and Brian Lewallen into the Irish end zone when the ball arrived, and he caught it about one yard in play, almost catching one of the goalposts at the same time.

With the score tied, there was plenty of time left for somebody to win, and Notre Dame had its chances. Theismann moved the Irish to USC's 11-yard line on one occasion, whereupon he lost 20 yards in two successive plays, which was just far enough back for a field-goal try to be hopeless. And then he got the Irish down to USC's 17-yard line with 30 seconds left. There was time for one play, followed by a field goal, of course. What he didn't do was run the right next-to-last play. Instead of keeping the ball in the middle of the field to make it easier for his kicker, he sent O'Brien off tackle, which made the angle more difficult for placement man Scott Hempel, whose 33-yard try was just a bit wide.

But nobody wanted to fault Theismann, really, for that last-minute bit of sophomore logic. Hempel might have missed from the middle, and O'Brien might have scored. Joe Theismann had done quite enough in stealing the day's glory from a Heisman Trophy winner. And, after all, he had given Ara Parseghian a tie that Notre Dame for once could be proud of. **END**

Field boss Theismann (7) gives the word, Hanratty backs up Perseghian with crutch and smile, and Gledlaux heeds for a touchdown.

700 GOALS FROM SASKATCHEWAN

Gordie Howe came out of the Canadian West 22 years ago to become the world's greatest hockey player. Last week the hero of the Detroit Red Wings skated to within a single goal of an astonishing record **by GARY RONBERG**



The puck came off the pads of St Louis' Goalie Glenn Hall and onto the stick of Detroit's Gordie Howe There was a scramble around the goalmouth, Blues and Red Wing players colliding and cursing and falling—circumstances that can unnerve the best of goal scorers, who tend to fire either wide of the net or straight into the goaltender sprawled helplessly on the ice But not Howe. He casually centered the puck on the stretch of black friction tape encasing the blade of his stick, paused for a split second—almost seeming to savor Hall's desperate state—then drove the puck high into the near corner. The Thanksgiving night crowd of 13,905 in Detroit's Olympia Stadium exploded into a roar, paused long enough to hear, "Detroit goal, his 11th of the season and 699th of his career . " And then roared again

Hockey has a number of superstars but only one superman, and he is Gordie Howe Last week this finest of all hockey players scored three times in two games to come within a single goal of an achievement that has virtually no parallel in North American sport Those scores—two against Philadelphia plus the one against St Louis—brought Howe to the brink of his 700th regular-season goal It is entirely unlikely that any hockey player will ever again score so many, indeed, the man nearest Howe Montreal's immortal Maurice Richard, retired while still 156 goals short of the 700 mark

The one record that bears comparison with Howe's is Babe Ruth's 714 home runs, and it is a fascinating oddity that the man nearest *him*, Willie Mays, like Richard, is more than a hundred behind and near the end of his career. Ruth was also 40 when he hit No 714—his third of an historic game—over the right field roof at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, but he trotted around the bases on wasted legs, and his teammates secretly hoped that he would quit

Unlike Ruth at 40, Howe remains the heart of his team. Well into his 23rd NHL season, the big guy (6 feet, 205 pounds) is still killing penalties and serving on the power play, as well as taking his regular turn on a line with Frank Mahovlich and Alex Delvecchio. He came off the frozen plains of Saskatchewan as a gawky, rawboned teen-ager to score his first NHL goal in October 1946—on the day the *Queen Elizabeth* began her maiden voyage as a passenger ship; last week he was closing in on No. 700 as the *Queen Elizabeth II* slipped down the ways, her predecessor outmoded, retired, a memory.

Average hockey players slow down or quit in their late 30s. Howe, despite injuries ranging from dislocated shoulders to broken ribs and toes, has missed but 20 of a possible 1,391 games since 1950, and has either scored or assisted on one of every three goals the Wings have made since the spring of that year.

How long will he last? "I'll definitely play through 1970," he says. "After that, well, it will all depend on how I feel. I used to be strong every night—no problem—but now I've really got to work at it."

"He's been all hockey since he could walk," says Gordie's blonde wife, Colleen. "He keeps wondering when his legs will start to go; other players have told him that's the first sign."

"I sleep longer these days and watch what I eat," says Howe. "If we're playing at home Colleen just tells me what room to take. I take it and she and the kids more or less leave me alone."

"It's a conditional thing," says Detroit General Manager Sid Abel. "The man is playing as well as he did five years ago, but we just have to remind ourselves that he's 40 years old. He could go on for God knows how long—or those legs could give out on him next week."

"Nobody could take better care of himself than Gordie does," says Oakland's Doug Roberts, once a Red Wing roommate of Howe's. "He doesn't smoke, and he won't drink anything stronger than beer. He knows exactly what his body needs and he makes sure it gets it. For Gordie it's always the same: go to bed, get up for the team meeting at noon, eat at 2 o'clock, take a walk, then back to bed until time for the bus to the game."

The aura of health is obvious even to those in the stands, but what they go to see is Howe the goal scorer, flicking his huge wrists with a silken strength, a mongoose quickness. Chicago's Bobby Hull is famous for a slap shot that has been timed at 118.3 mph. Howe's *wrist* shot—he doesn't waste time winding up—sizzles in at 114.2 mph. It is the game's most accurate shot, and Howe, the only truly ambidextrous NHL player, can score with equal facility from either side of his body. He uses a 21-ounce stick of Canadian ash with only a slight bend in the blade and an extremely stiff handle. "Give Gordie a stick with an ordinary handle," says Trainer Lefty Wilson, "and he'll break it like a toothpick. He is so strong that when he shoots, that handle bends like a banana."

As he cruised Philadelphia's Spectrum and Detroit's Olympia so effortlessly last week, barely lifting his skates from the ice, conserving energy for the big moments, Howe was rarely bumped or prodded. He has won that freedom from harassment by dealing out retribution with stick and elbows—discreetly, painfully—to anyone who fouls him. Howe averages only about 65 minutes in penalties a year, which is far below the norm for hockey's "bad men."

"The only way to stop Howe is to crowd him, stop him before he gets started," says Detroit Defenseman Kent Douglas, "but nobody wants to crowd Gordie. Nobody even wants to get near him."

"My first game in the NHL was against the Red Wings," recalls Oakland's Bryan Watson. "I was with the Canadiens then, and they threw me out to kill a penalty. I went into the corner with Howe, knocked him down from behind and skated away with the puck. I hadn't gone very far before I heard heavy strides coming up behind me, and then I felt a stick slipping under my arm. Then there's the blade—not an inch from my nose. It's Howe, and he says, 'Check out, junior.' I got so scared I fell down."

Howe's surgical touch with the stick would not make him the menace he is without the physique behind it. Howe has the long, thick neck and sloping shoulders that have distinguished a number of powerful athletes, among them Joe Louis, Paul Hornung and Stan Musial. Howe's neck measures 17 inches, and his arms are so long the shoulders of his jackets must be padded to give definition to his upper body.

Strength, shot, savvy—all these are combined in Howe with a deep, smoldering drive never to be beaten. "Gordie has simply got to be first," says Doug Roberts. "With him there's no other approach. Even in practice you take the puck away from Gordie Howe and you'd better get ready for some sore wrists, because he's going to come after you and get it back."

Being the best has not made Howe rich—or perhaps it should be said that Howe has not extracted from hockey all the money he might have. For years he was content to accept salaries in the $30,000 to $40,000 range. But in this new age of stars driving hard bargains—and amid rumors of an astronomical contract signed by Boston's kid defenseman, Bobby Orr—Howe has finally gotten a little tough with the Detroit front office. A few days before the season began he had a long talk with Bruce Norris, the Red Wings' owner, and emerged with a two-year contract and a big raise that increased his salary to approximately $75,000 a year. Along with the raise he was offered a vice-presidency in a Norris-owned insurance firm.

Howe drives a maroon 1968 Buick and lives with Colleen and their four children in a $50,000 split-level home—modest for a superstar—in suburban Birmingham. He operates an ice rink nearby and earns additional income from endorsements.

"I'm really just a lucky old farm boy," Howe says. "I remember when I came up I cut out all the newspaper pictures showing me in a Red Wing uniform just to prove to everyone that I played in the NHL. At first all I ever wanted to do was stick around for a while, but as time went by I decided I'd play 20 years if it killed me. I'll play as long as I can keep up with the scoring leaders."

Hockey without Howe will be like the Atlantic without *Queen Elizabeths*, but the time will come for him to quit, and when it does Howe will not try to prolong his career into a Ruthian twilight.

"Everybody has always expected so much from Gordie," says Colleen Howe, "and he's never let them down. I just hope it's remembered when his legs go."

It will be. A number like 700 is a little hard to forget. **END**

TEA AND SHINERS IN GLASSBORO

Woman field hockey players met in New Jersey to fight for places on the U.S. team and, while there was nothing ladylike in the way they blackened eyes and broke knuckles, they kept the amenities

by PAT RYAN

At that historic face-off in Glassboro, when Lyndon Johnson jostled Alexei Kosygin for the big hall, they played the game in a college president's front parlor and were careful not to break the furniture. Last week, however, a group of women who have found parlor games too confining were gathered in the same small New Jersey town, and Johnson and Kosygin would have blanched at the girls' free-swinging, go-for-broke style—broken noses, broken knuckles, broken teeth. The nation's 275 best field hockey players were competing for the 11 places on the U.S. national team, and in the scuffle shins were bruised, eyes blackened and heads knocked silly, on one occasion an ambulance had to be summoned to deliver a player to the emergency ward. Such mutilation is commonplace in field hockey, the only ladies' sport that combines physical mayhem with social grace.

The game was introduced in this country in 1901 by an Englishwoman, Miss Constance Applebee, who recommended it as a healthy activity for young suffragettes at Vassar, Wellesley, Smith and Bryn Mawr. "It develops strong nerves, willpower, determination, discipline and endurance," Miss Applebee declared. "It gives a girl physical and mental strength." Miss Applebee went from school to school pulling virtues out of her sack of shinny sticks, and quickly young women in Boston and Philadelphia took up the cudgel.

Constance Applebee is the model of a field hockey player. At 90 she climbed 16 flights of steps in a New York hotel when the elevator broke down and she became impatient at the delay in repairing it. At 93 she was running a knitting and crafts program for—as she described them—"old people." At 94 she still coached hockey. Now 95, she has reluctantly retired as a coach because of failing eyesight.

Graying Philadelphia socialites, surrounded by their servants and Steuben glassware, recall with zest their Spartan days as fullback at Main Line schools and their confrontations with "The Apple" (so called by her students because of her crunch and tartness). Generation after generation of debutantes were scolded and barked at: "Stand up, you big hippopotamus. Run, you giraffe. God gave you legs, now use them."

From the beginning, field hockey was an upper-class pastime. At Glassboro last week Bess Taylor, the left wing on a 1908 Haddonfield, N.J., team, recalled that in her day only girls listed in the Social Register were accepted on Philadelphia's first team.

Over the years bruises and broken bones have not diminished the enthusiasm of Philadelphia's private schools for hockey. Usually run by schoolmarms who think chilblains are a healthy experience for young women, hockey is considered one of the few surviving vestiges of the old no-nonsense education. No one seems to mind that, at times, debs (and sometimes their mothers) walk with a stiff-legged gait.

The game fosters other social graces. Players shake hands before competition begins, and last week, as always, there were ladylike cheers before and after games for opposing sides and much genteel chatter. "Good morning, Philly ." " Nice game, Great Lakes . . ." "Thank you, officials."

Through the years the custom of afternoon tea following games has continued. The players, their hair often wet with sweat and their strong hands reddened by the autumn cold, are served tea from shining silver pots. At Glassboro there were flickering candles and flowers on long, linen-covered tables and four hostesses pouring in a hushed, darkened room. The conversation, however, was not always what one would expect in such a setting. One overheard sentences like "She is dizzy and can't focus properly." "She was hit on the head and is paralyzed down one side."

Officials of the United States Field Hockey Association prefer to turn a deaf ear to such conversations. They consider the discussion of injuries idle and ugly talk. The establishment view is that "players are only injured if they are unskilled," and never mind the glorious shiner being shyly shielded by a redhead at the Glassboro tea.

But the truth, as amply displayed in the games at Glassboro, is that field hockey is a hard-running, hard-hitting game—tea with lumps. As in soccer, no time outs or substitutions are allowed, and the women keep lunging and tackling and swinging through two 30-minute periods.

The hockey players on the 25 teams that came to Glassboro for the national tournament were, for the most part, physical education teachers who coach the sport in high schools and colleges across the country and who play on weekends in club competition. "We worry and sweat and have to psych ourselves like professional athletes," says



Faye Bardman, a member of the 1967 national team and the coach at Penn. "This is an entirely different kind of hockey than what my team plays at Penn. The girls there go out for hockey so they won't get fat."

Few socialites reach national team caliber—most of the players in the tournament first took up hockey in public high schools—though this does not mean there has been any break with hockey's aristocratic past. One competitor at Glassboro was overheard complaining about the minuscule coverage of the event in *The New York Times*. "It must be a Democratic newspaper," she huffed.

In age the players ranged from phys ed. college students of 19 or 20 to matrons in their 50s. In the 1967 tournament the New Atlantic team had four players over 45. It was referred to as the Medicare Squad. ("I've had the grace to retire," one middle-aged Bostonian said acidly when the subject of old hockey players came up.)

Some sections of the country sent one team to Glassboro, some two and Philadelphia, the stronghold of hockey (its first team has only once been beaten in a tournament by another U.S. squad), sent five. Ten of the 11 players on the 1967 national team were from the Philadelphia area or had once lived there.

When the ladies got down to the hacking and the slashing last Thursday—Thanksgiving Day, mind you—Philadelphia appeared still to have a grip on the sport. In a frigid downpour, from 8:30 in the morning until dark, women clad only in cotton blouses and skirts charged up and down muddy fields. The selectors of the national team, seven formidable ladies bundled like Green Bay fans, strode the sidelines eying talent. In this tournament it mattered not if you won or lost, but how you played, for the U.S. team is picked on an individual basis. By Thursday evening Philadelphia teams had won three of four games against squads from other parts of the country.

But just when Philadelphia seemed supreme it suffered a stunning upset. On Friday afternoon its first team met a touring Dutch squad in what amounted to an exhibition game. The Dutch side included only four members of the Netherlands national team, the other seven players were inexperienced and had been sent on tour to become more seasoned. Philadelphia Captain Vonnie Gros was confident of winning. For the first half the teams played skillful, free-flowing hockey, the finest to be seen at the tournament. Neither side scored. Early in the second half, however, the Dutch gained two quick goals. The Philadelphians fell apart and were wiped out 6–0.

Then on Saturday afternoon the best Philadelphia players had difficulty winning a match against a weak Great Lakes eleven. "Some of those Philadelphia girls are looking old," a longtime coach remarked. The selectors began to look elsewhere for candidates with the stickwork, coordination, speed, innate aggressiveness and attitude needed in international play. From the back of a dump truck they peered over the playing fields. Ultimately, however, they chose seven players from the Philadelphia area to provide the core of the national squad. An eighth player was trained in Philadelphia schools. The other three named to the team are, significantly, young college students. But the new team scarcely lacks experience. The 11 women have played hockey for a total of 137 years, or about 12½ years per person.

As usual in national and international field hockey tournaments, no overall champion team was named. The women have never permitted titles or trophies because they believe such awards would cause ill feeling. "It might destroy the friendly atmosphere between countries," explained Grace Robertson, president of the USFHA. It is a noble principle—one that is also part of the code for summit conferences. **END**





Veteran hockeyists of the New Atlantic region staunchly defend goal against a Midwest attacker, at top a young warrior displays mark of battle

SERIOUS CONTENDERS FOR A FUNNY CITY

There is no reason why the Royals should be up there battling for Cincinnati's few dollars—except five sturdy ballplayers

by FRANK DEFORD

It was 13 autumns ago that Oscar Robertson came to town to play basketball as a freshman at the University of Cincinnati. From the moment he arrived, Robertson was a celebrity, and if he had to share the local limelight it was mostly with a high school marvel from Middletown—Jerry Lucas. Certainly there was no competition from the Royals. They were in Rochester and did not get to Cincinnati until the following year.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the bankrupt Royals should choose Cincinnati as their next home, a solution to their problems. The National Basketball Association still honored territorial draft rights and anyone with a map could appreciate the potential of resettling along the banks of the Ohio River and holding out until first Robertson and then Lucas got out of college. Well, they got the O and Luke all right, but the results, unfortunately, were not precisely what they had hoped for. Cincinnati has never been exactly home sweet home for the Royals.

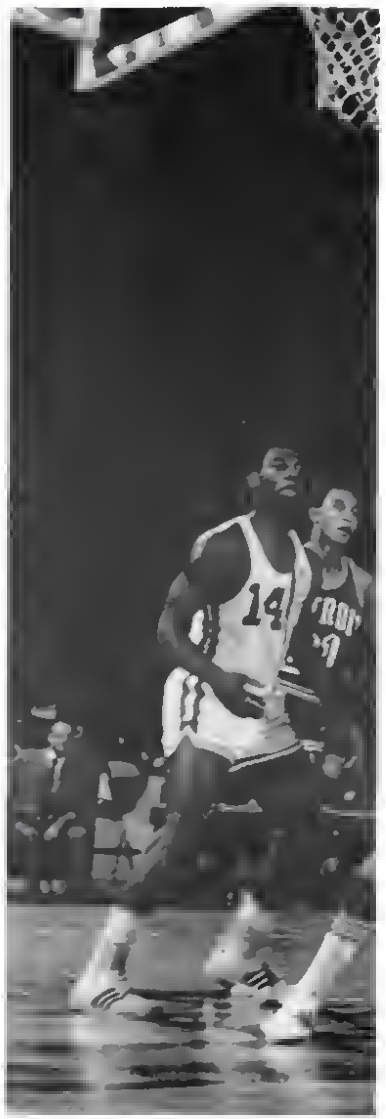
Robertson turned 30 the other day, reaching that mystic moment when all pro players automatically are ordained athletically middle-aged. For Robertson, however, the day was no more than a technical milestone. Player representative for the whole NBA, he makes something over $100,000 a year and no longer is there much contention over who is the best all-round basketball player of all time. Lucas is not quite as old as Robertson—although his inflamed knees have, in the past, placed him closer to retirement—and he does not make quite so much money, but his position is assured, too. He is the finest rebounding cornerman that the game has seen.

Robertson and Lucas *are* the Cincinnati Royals. Coming off its first year in seven in which it did not make the playoffs, the team began this season with its best start since 1960. Even with the most difficult schedule of the contenders, the Royals are in fourth place in the Eastern Division, only three games out of first. It is easy, in fact, to project the Royals into the lead. While Baltimore has fattened up with 11 games against expansion teams, Boston has had 10 against the relative setups, Philadelphia has had seven and Cincinnati only three.

In response to the team's comeback, Cincinnati fans have hardly trampled down the gates of the Gardens, averaging an embarrassing 4,100. The season's largest crowd—7,103—came out two weeks ago for a game against Philadelphia. "Well, yes, we did have a lot of orphans in for that one," a team official admitted. And not all the home games are even in Cincinnati, since the Royals take one-third of their home schedule to Cleveland and Omaha. And although Cincinnati tickets, at $4 tops, are—with Baltimore's—the lowest in the league, still the citizens rail at the tariff. The Royals, finally, are not carried on radio, not even FM.

It is not only the Royals that Cincinnati has chosen to ignore, of course. The Reds, the only club in baseball that possessed a surfeit of those exciting .250 hitters, had almost the worst home attendance in the National League. A first-class minor league hockey franchise folded at season's end a few years ago. College football does not go. College basketball does, but not for the front runners who gave up their season tickets









So good they are hardly ever noticed, Oscar Robertson (14) dribbles and Jerry Lucas (16) gathers in rebound to keep Royals near top.

the day Robertson—and presumably victory—departed.

Pro football expanded into 13 other cities before it finally agreed to take a chance on Cincy. The Bengals are all the rage in town and have clearly hurt the Royals and other athletic enterprises—not that *their* first-year success has been overwhelming. They do not sell out a 28,000-seat stadium. "It's a funny city," says Royals General Manager Pepper Wilson, a native Cincinnatian who is probably the best-liked executive in the NBA. "The original prophet without honor could have settled here. The best thing that ever happened to the Bengals was that they were not granted local ownership. Paul Brown's name is selling that team. An outsider. The people here have a tendency to look down on their own kind, their own people."

What appeal the Royals possess can be attributed almost entirely to Robertson and Lucas. Yet with his utter excellence in nearly every area of the game, Robertson produces a curious effect. He is so good that what, in fact, is the ultimate in style and grace appears to the average basketball fan to be *only* the prosaic, workmanlike effort of a mechanic. Lucas, just as textbookishly efficient as Robertson with his specialty—grabbing the ball off the backboard and getting it out to his teammates—is equally unappreciated by Cincinnatians.

Men like Coach Ed Jucker and Connie Dierking, the reconstituted pivotman who played with Robertson in college, maintain that he still occasionally can produce some new trick for them, more than a decade after they started watching him. But the moves are subtle and refined, like the one Jucker mentioned the other day: "You're allowed a step and a half after you dribble and you can do anything up to the time that you put the second foot down. Most people are finished as soon as they dribble. Not Oscar, he's just getting started. He can use

continued

that extra half step, three-quarter step—whatever it is—for a dozen things. Before he releases the ball, he's started a whole new play."

The story of Robertson's true excellence lies in the statistics. Even his most practiced observers are constantly amazed when his point total, assists and rebounds are tabulated after a game. Unlike most of the dynamic stars of the sport—people like Elgin Baylor, Rick Barry, Bill Russell and Elvin Hayes—Oscar manages to be superior in an unobtrusive, almost quiet way.

Robertson is generally unmoved by praise and is reluctant to discuss his talent at any length, but he will acknowledge that some appreciation is important to him. "Well, I am proud if I can be consistent," he says. "I hope I'm always consistent, because, look, that's what makes a pro. That's the difference."

Robertson has been almost eerily consistent. In eight years as a pro he has never averaged less than 28.3 points a game or more than 31.4, and in six of the eight years his average varied less than a point. In assists and free throws he has maintained the same level of consistency. He is like a .333 hitter who arrived at that figure by going 1 for 3 with one walk in every game of the season. It would be reasonable to suppose that somewhere along the line a scorer of Robertson's stripe would put absolutely everything together and come up with a 65- or 75-point game. "That will just never happen," Robertson says, a bit appalled. "Never. What would that possibly prove?"

One of the more curious contradictions about both Robertson and Lucas is that neither considers himself a scorer. This is patently absurd. In NBA history only Wilt Chamberlain has averaged higher than Robertson, and Lucas ranks 11th. Nevertheless, both consider shooting secondary. "My primary purpose," Robertson says, "is to get the team moving, establish community out there and make some money."

Lucas, the rebounder, is even less offensive-minded this year than usual. "I'm not a great one-on-one player," he says, "and I've never been good with the ball, so there's never been any sense clearing out a side for me. This year it seems that I'm also just not getting as involved in the offense as I was last year. There's nothing special to it. It's just the way it's been working out."

Instead of going straight to Lucas, the ball has been directed more often to Dierking, who has enjoyed one of the more fascinating NBA careers, and to Tom Van Arsdale, who moved into the backcourt with Robertson after he came over from Detroit in a trade last season that brought along the fifth Royals starter, John Tresvant. The five starters are all averaging over 30 minutes a game, which puts them in a league of their own compared to the rest of the NBA. Jucker has not been disposed to give his subs much of a chance to play. "He's gonna burn his big five out by February," says one NBA coach.

Against Detroit Friday night at Cleveland, Dierking, with 39 minutes, saw the least action. Van Arsdale, who took himself out of an earlier game because he had run so hard he was convinced he had just had a heart attack, left this one just before the end in spry form, having been ejected for fighting with Happy Hairston. Lucas took only 10 shots, but he made 18 points and got 21 rebounds. Robertson played every second and had one of his good scoring nights with 40 points. It was a bit helter-skelter at times but the Royals won going away.

The next morning the team had to be up at 5:30 for a flight back to Cincinnati. This was not as bad as it had been. In past years the team traveled from its Cleveland home to its Cincinnati home by bus. But by the time the Royals took the floor at the Gardens Saturday night against the big Atlanta team they were so listless they could sustain no fire. Jucker even took Robertson out for five long minutes in the first half, which failed to help at all. The Royals stumbled to a decisive defeat.

Generally, in any game in which they can stay close, the Royals have the edge because they have Robertson going for them down the stretch. Throughout his whole career it has been a rare game when he has not scored the majority of his points in the second half. It has been suggested that Robertson paces himself with the idea of saving his best for the end, or that he concentrates on divvying up baskets among his teammates

continued



Ed Jucker, an old hand with Cincinnati teams, relaxes in non-pro tweed before Detroit game.


*T.M. G.C. Co., Inc.
Tiparillo
LP
Introducing Tiparillo LP
The long playing cigar
New Tiparillo® LP.* Long on looks.
Long on pleasure. 165 mild millimeters.
How's that for a new record?

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

1769: Gordon's Gin

Alexander Gordon gave hosts (and hostesses) of Christmases past a new taste-tingler. Deceptively delicate in flavour. Extraordinarily smooth. Dry as the English wit. He called it, of all names, Gordon's Gin. Biggest seller in England, America, The World.



1968: Gordon's RuddyMerry

The English have done it again. They created a cup of Christmas Cheer that you might just want to drink all year. Take 1½ oz. of glorious Gordon's Gin, 3 oz. tomato juice, juice of ⅛ lemon, pinch each of celery and onion salt, dash of Worcestershire sauce. Shake well with cracked ice. Garnish with greenery.



What will the English think of next?

early in the game. Jucker rather agrees "He feels out his man early," the coach says, "until he's seen what he's up against." In any event, Robertson takes over the Royals' destiny in the last few minutes, which means that the Royals are in rather good hands

For his part, Lucas really does, as he suggests, remain on the periphery—starting the sweep down court, edging in on the weak side for an offensive rebound position or trailing the play From a 230-pound rookie, he has grown up to weigh 255 The extra pounds do not, however, add any apparent stress to his knees, which are at last free from significant pain. He happened upon an anti-inflammatory pill last year that, probably, saved his career. Cortisone no longer worked; Butazolidin-based drugs remained ineffective and the pain was always such that he was unable to climb stairs or drive a car, or sit or do anything, really, that required bending his knees. It is significant that Robertson, out much of last season with a hamstring pull, and Lucas, beset by his knee problems, are this year healthy for the first time since 1965-66 That was the year when they nearly upset the Celtics in the playoffs.

Jucker, who won the NCAA title in 1961 and 1962 with balanced Cincinnati teams, is trying to establish more of the same with the Royals. He still gives the game the old college try, saying such things as "make it hurt a little bit" in huddles, and dressing in collegiate herringbone tweeds that produce occasional titters from his fashionably mod young pros Jucker also delights his charges by forgetting names regularly. He has announced "John and Tresvant will be the starting forwards," and once he broke up a highly strategic time-out session when he suddenly could not remember Chamberlain's name He ended up, lamely, calling Chamberlain "the big kid."

For all of his aberrations, Jucker has the support of his players and guides them with a firm and sympathetic hand To be honest, he has molded a team out of Robertson and Lucas and castoffs Tresvant quit after four games in his first shot at the NBA and has been traded twice Dierking's record is perhaps the strangest in the league He started with Syracuse in 1958, quit after two undistinguished years and then came back in '63 for three more years of forgettable accomplishment with a variety of teams Then two years ago he suddenly had a giddy season, averaging 9 3 points a game Last year he went berserk and raised that to 16.4. This year he is at 17.8. Jucker characterizes him as "like good old red wine." Dierking's emergence as a scorer made it possible for the Royals to give up center prospect Jim Fox along with Hairston in the trade last year that brought in Tresvant and Van Arsdale

It has been a year of redemption for the Van Arsdales Tom's twin, Dick, was let go by the Knicks in the expansion draft, a move that many think was responsible for New York's slow start. Dick has been the mainstay of the Phoenix team. Tom, averaging 18.4 points a game with the Royals, escaped virtual anonymity at Detroit, where a slew of shooters kept him on the bench "You die sitting there," he says "I remember —remember? I can't forget—this one game last year when I was sent in with less than a minute to go My third year in the league, and I'm down to getting sent in with less than a minute. I just wanted to kneel there and cry."

Jucker has made a point all year with his players that they must come back from last year's failures With the Royals, though, it was not anyone's failure so much as it was the injury to Robertson. Of that, Robertson says, "There's no feeling on my part that we have to prove anything. You get hurt, you get hurt."

What does have to prove something – and this may only be what Jucker really is thinking about—is the franchise. It has had a speckled existence and has passed through several hands Once transferals came so fast, the one after the other, that General Manager Wilson had to make a phone call to find out who, in fact, was his employer

The team is now owned – 56% of it— by the Jacobs concessions of Buffalo, the same group that owns 80% of the Cincinnati Gardens This may yet prove a boon, since out-of-towners are so admired by Cincinnatians. Also, it is highly unlikely that Jacobs will move its most important Gardens tenant to somebody else's arena. So Cincinnati has the Royals, and it has Robertson, Lucas and at least three other players, and if by some miracle all five manage to sweat out the season to the end it might have a championship contender, too, the kind that should even draw 7,200 non-orphans some perfect night. **END**



It's crazy, sure, so don't run out and bet all your money that it will happen, but Edwin Shrake, in a moment of sheer fantasy, writes a letter to a friend describing how Joe Namath (see cover) and the New York Jets set the sporting world on its ear



A CHAMPAGNE PARTY FOR JOE AND WEEB



US CONSUL CLAIMS JETS WON SUPER BOWL STOP AM WILD WITH GLEE BUT WARY OF BELIEVING STOP MUST KNOW ALL DETAILS VIA LETTER SOONEST STOP WRITE CARE OF DOLOROSA HOSPITAL PORTO VELHO RONDONIA BRAZIL STOP PLEASE TELL WIFF AM NOT DEAD AND HELLO TO KIDS STOP REGARDS

MAX

Jan. 14, 1969

Dear Max,

Needless to say, we were all delighted to receive your cable and learn that you are alive, though we remain concerned over addressing you in a hospital in such a remote part of the world. Doris was especially happy about the cable, and I wish you could have seen the faces of your children when she told them their father had not perished. Courageous family that you have, I must admit their hopes of ever seeing you again had begun to lag. After all, we got the news on Thanksgiving Day served up with the ice cream and hot pumpkin pie, in fact, just as Kansas City finished beating the Oilers on television to give the Jets the division title — that your plane was missing somewhere in the Mato Grosso, probably between the Serra dos Parecis and the Gi-Paraná River, and this cable nearly two months later was the first we had heard since, other than assurances that the search was being pressed forward, etc. .

I was aware that the vast area into which you had disappeared is inhabited by thousands of tiny mean fellows with poison-tipped arrows, trophy huts full of softball-sized human heads and an unwillingness to listen to Christian reason. "He will march out with a bottle of gin and a jar of olives," your wife kept repeating — staunch girl. But, frankly, I put your chances as no better than I gave the Jets back in August when I saw that photograph of Joe Namath wearing a mink coat.

As your motor stopped, or wing fell off, or whatever happened, your beloved Jets (an affection I have never been able to fathom, but every man has got to kill his own snakes) were a couple of games or so ahead of Houston. However, I know how nervous that made you. I recall our last conversation, in the back room at P. J. Clarke's on the evening NBC cut the Jets off TV in the final minute of the Oakland game and replaced them with *Heidi*. An hour later we found out that the Jets had blown a three-point lead in that final minute and had somehow contrived to lose the game by almost two touchdowns. I always felt like a nasty person for not liking *Heidi*," you said. "It's a rotten story that old people keep pushing off on children, and nobody ever really liked it except a few 8-year-old girls. But in this case I'm glad NBC did it. I couldn't have watched that final minute without doing myself severe emotional damage."

You ordered several Gibsons and placed them about on the tablecloth as if you intended to play checkers with them. "Last year almost took my measure," you to'd me. "Not being the serious student of the game that I am, maybe you don't remember,

continued

but with four weeks to go the Jets led Houston by one whole game. Then New York lost three out of four, the Oilers won three out of four, and the Jets went down the rat hole again. Could it happen this year? Could it? *Could it!*" You clutched my sleeve, and I saw Frankie, the maitre d', look at you rather anxiously. "Last year I had a theory that the trouble with the Jets was that they had too many Texans. This year they have even more—nine or 10 of them are starters, if you count Curley Johnson, the punter. Sauer, Maynard and Lammons, the three receivers, are all Texans. Too many Texans on a football team is like too much pepper in the soup!" you cried.

I'm sure that Texophobia was on your mind even as you flew over the Mato Grosso and may have contributed to your accident in some way. I can picture you swooping headlong into the jungle with a shout that Maynard is all thumbs. As the season proceeded toward its end without you, with many vagaries and odd bounces, the Jets skirting disaster, I was almost glad you were gone. "How lucky he is to be spared this," I said more than once. But I should have known it would be the Jets' year. Of their first seven victories, you will recall that they won four of them in the last few minutes—a sign fortune was smiling. It was the loss to Denver in the fifth game, I believe, that made a change in Namath. The five interceptions he threw in that game, combined with the five he had thrown in the loss to Buffalo two weeks earlier, convinced him that he should not be so reckless, that he should not insist on trying to drill the ball to a receiver who was well covered. Even before you vanished, Namath went one stretch of six games without throwing a touchdown pass. Weeb Ewbank said it was because of an alteration in style of offense, and that was partly true. Namath took to throwing more flares and short, quick patterns and began to use his running game more successfully, setting up those dozens of field goals by Jim Turner. Namath should have got credit for an assist on many of the field goals. But partly, too, the reason he didn't throw a touchdown pass for six games was simply ill luck: he was still completing passes to Sauer and Maynard, but they were not able to escape to the goal line.

I am digressing, Max. You know these things better than I. Let me get on now to the championship and the Super Bowl.

On that last road trip that kept the Jets on the West Coast for a week between games with Oakland and San Diego, Ewbank announced a $5,000 fine for any player caught outside the motel after the 11 p.m. curfew. That struck me as somewhat childish, but Ewbank has had his difficulties with discipline. You remember Namath holding out for $3,000 per exhibition game—a not unreasonable request, considering the moribund state of his knees—and Namath leaving camp last year and visiting one of those East Side saloons where the lonely pursue romance, and later being charged in a lawsuit with slapping a sportswriter around. There was something of a power struggle, hidden from view though it was, between Namath and Ewbank, as you know, but a truce was achieved by the elevating of Namath to offensive team captain, thus forcing on him the responsibility he had been both grabbing and rejecting for years. I am reminding you of all this, Max, merely because I am enclosing a newspaper photograph that was taken in the Jets' locker room the day they won the AFL championship. Look at the expression on Namath's face as he pours the champagne over Ewbank's head. Would you call that gratification?

I will not linger over the details of how Oakland qualified for the championship game, as I know you care little about what transpires in the Western Division. Suffice it to say that by the time the Raiders arrived in New York they had survived three very difficult games in a row, including the playoffs, and were in rather battered condition. The defensive line was ailing, a linebacker and a cornerback were out and Daryle Lamonica was a patchwork of bruises, though certainly game enough. Also, the Raiders' descent into JFK coincided almost exactly with that of a storm. By the day of the contest, it was 18° with a 20-mph wind, and snow was piled around the edges of the field behind those rolled-up tarps that look like huge green sausages. The players squatted around little portable heaters, but the wind whirls inside Shea Stadium and attacks from unexpected angles, and there was not much to be done.

For me it is incomprehensible why you were always so willing—even eager—to undergo the painful journey from Manhattan out to Shea and back. If you had almost given up the notion of an interesting life and had moved to Flushing, I could see why you would be willing to step over the railroad tracks or hike across the asphalt from your boat at the World's Fair Marina to watch your Jets' games. Otherwise, I wonder where does love of sport end and love of punishment begin? Even being in the club at the stadium was torture on championship day, not only because of the crowd but because it was unsettling to look out at the half-frozen faces looking in. I could see lots of urchins in stocking caps, fat red-faced fellows in sports shirts buttoned at the neck, tall girls standing back from the press of noses at the plate glass. It was like an illustration from some Victorian novel, all the yearning noses mashed against the glass, unable to come closer—and probably better off for it.

At least partly because of the wind, neither passer was accurate. The runners had great difficulty with their footing on the frozen ground. It was a dreary up-and-back game during the first half, with Namath completing only six of 19 passes but moving the team far enough for Jim Turner to kick two field goals (out of three attempts). Hewritt Dixon scored on a 34-yard run with a screen pass, and Oakland led 7-6 at intermission. "If only the Jets could win this one for Max," Doris told me. "Wherever he is, he'll know and he'll stand up a little straighter." I am sure this information did not reach Namath, but on the first play of the third quarter he threw a pass to Maynard, who had got behind George Atkinson on a skid-and-go. The run seemed to take half an hour, Maynard and Atkinson skating along on the icy ground, their arms flailing in exaggerated movements, David Grayson coming across with his head down like a speed skater as he tried to catch up, and I kept thinking the public-address system should be playing a scratchy recording of *The Merry Widow Waltz*. The play covered 73 yards and put the Jets ahead 13-7.

continued

only the good die young.

Consider the oil filter.

The better it is, the mare it filters.
And the faster it chokes itself ta death. Arrrgh!

In just a few shart months (or miles)
a gaad filter gobbles up o quarter-paund af
grit and dirt from the ail in yaur engine
and starts down the raad to suicide.

That means every time you get on oil change,
you're sort of stuck far o new From filter. But then,
it sure beats getting stuck far a whole new car.

Amen.



Fram Corporation, Providence, Rhode Island 02916

1969 Pontiac Grand Prix. Worth waiting for, wasn't it?

Somebody finally broke away. Came up with a car that marries luxury with a quickness usually reserved for sports machines. That somebody is Pontiac. And the car is Grand Prix.

Consider. It has the longest hood of any stateside-built car. Fitting, since it houses a 400-cu.-in. V-8 with 350 horses.

Those great lines are spun over an exclusive 118" wheelbase. So you get crisp handling plus a very wieldy overall length. And since Grand Prix is a Pontiac, it's also a Wide-Tracker. If you know about cars, you know that's good.

There's a great inside story to Grand Prix, too. Look in front of the "soft-rim" steering wheel, and all instruments, gauges and switches stare back at you. No hunt-and-peck in this car.

The front seats are called Strato-buckets. And they bracket a center console with whichever transmission control you order—standard 3-speed, 4-speed or Turbo Hydra-matic.

We could go into all the other testy features in the new Grand Prix. Hidden radio antenna, the 370- and 390-hp 428 V-8's you can order, etc.

But we think you've waited long enough. See them at your local authorized Pontiac dealer's today.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE



The Wide Track [illegible] Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, [illegible], LeMans, Custom S, Tempest and Firebird. Pontiac Motor Division

The year of the great Pontiac break away.

On the following kickoff that fellow Rademacher, the one you admire for his hitting on the Jets' special teams, chased a ball that was bouncing crazily over the ice as a dozen or more players slapped at it and fell down. He hugged the ball in both arms and skidded to the Oakland 14-yard line before taking a header. Snell and Mathis ran at left guard and tackle for a first down on the three. Namath tried his rollout after a fake into the middle, but Lassiter got him for a two-yard loss. On second down Mathis carried a flare pass to the one. With Snell leading, Mathis went in at left tackle to score on third down, and it was 20–7. In the fourth quarter another pass to Sauer allowed Turner to kick a 38-yard field goal. A Jet fumble provided Blanda with a 41-yard field goal to make the score 23–10. Game plans were out the window because of the weather. Every fourth play you heard the thunk of cold toes hitting hard ball. Namath was stunned by an elbow to the chin. Parilli replaced him and did not try a pass. Wells, Biletnikoff and Smith were open several times, but the wind blew Lamonica's passes away. The final score was Jets 23, Oakland 10, and I think nobody was disappointed that the game had ended. Namath completed 11 of 27 for 131 yards and one interception. Lamonica was 14 of 32 for 116 yards and two interceptions. On the ground New York had 68 yards to 56 for Oakland.

Max, you have never seen a group of people happier to go to Miami than the Jets. The AFL owners and officials could not conceal their pleasure, either. For years they had wanted a winning team in New York and now at last they had one. Half the population of this city went down to Miami for the Super Bowl, or tried. There was not a seat to be had on plane, train or bus, and hotel rooms were scarcer than Giant fans. I used your reservation at the Doral Beach Hotel; it finally paid off, this quirk of yours about booking rooms at the Super Bowl city a year in advance just in case the Jets would make it. I thought about you often, and warmly I might add.

The papers were full of stories about Namath being seen at the Bon Fire, the Racquet Club, the Palm Bay Club, here and there, but Ewbank denounced them as lies. I did see Namath, though, one evening in that restaurant, the Post and Paddock. He still was wearing his mandarin mustache and long sideburns, the Jets having decided to keep their face hair for luck, and he had on a maroon silk jacket, gray slacks and white shoes (more about that later). He was talking to someone, just slouching there by the table—you know how he stands, in the shape of a ?—and smiling, knowing that everybody in the place was looking at him, and I heard someone say, "But of course he hasn't run into Billy Ray Smith yet."

The Baltimore Colts, who beat Dallas for the NFL championship, seemed very loose and relaxed for their first Super Bowl, being old heads at big games and not expecting too much trouble from the Jets. Baltimore has a very tough team—mentally tough, as coaches like to say—and they all work together with great cohesion, allowing no slackers. The Colts were 14½-point favorites. I thought they would win by more. So, I suspect, did they.

The Orange Bowl was filled up, naturally, and the spectacle was fantastic, hundreds of luscious girls prancing about, bands playing, balloons floating against that bright blue sky, colors everywhere, a feast for the eyes. Then out came Namath in his white shoes, and my heart sank. As you know from countless arguments with me about it, if I were to select the 10 best quarterbacks in professional football today, Namath would be somewhere toward the bottom of the second five. Maybe the white shoes have much to do with my opinion. I think white shoes are appropriate aboard ship or on a tennis or basketball court, but on a football field, Max, I hate to say this but they look, well, sort of arch, in the sense of being sportively mischievous. There is no question that Namath has a wonderful arm (he has to have, the way he so often throws off the wrong foot), but the shoes are not at all to my taste.

The Colts scored as soon as they got the ball. Jimmy Orr made the touchdown on a 27-yard pass from Earl Morrall. It was so easy that I believe it actually hurt Baltimore. Here they were, all geared up to play a fierce game, and instead of a manly struggle they just strolled right down the field and scored. An early touchdown, too simply obtained, can dull the mental edge of the team that scores it. The Colts seemed to lay back as though the rest of the afternoon would be no less of a lark. They were decidedly wrong.

Namath, you know, can be extremely sharp and just as extremely off, all in the course of one game. But when he is sharp he is astonishingly good, throwing the ball very quickly and precisely to a point. The Jets' main offensive strength is in pass blocking. Namath was keeping Mathis and Snell in the backfield for protection, and he was throwing beautifully. He mixed in a few of Ewbank's favorite draw plays to give the Baltimore rushers something to consider. The Jets were not able to run wide with any success, but Namath completed his first five passes before Turner missed a field goal.

In the second quarter Gerry Philbin leaped over a cut-block and smashed into Morrall, who left the field cradling his right hand in his left and bending over in pain and despair. He had a sprained thumb. Unitas came in. The Jets knew Unitas could not throw the ball far because of the tendonitis in his right arm, and so they crowded the receivers. Baltimore could not get consistent gains running against that quick Jet line, though the Colts kept trying to come back to their own left, refusing to believe that a 212-pound linebacker like Larry Grantham could not be brushed aside. With his arm obviously hurting, Unitas threw two interceptions to stop Baltimore drives. Namath began to look for Lammons, who caught four passes in the second quarter, one of them for 45 yards and a touchdown on a third-and-one situation. Turner kicked field goals of 37 and 21 yards and the Jets—amazing!—had a 13–7 lead at the half. Mackey almost scored in the last seconds, dragging Jim Hudson some 10 yards before Hudson could bulldog him down at the New York two as the clock ran out.

Starting the third quarter, the Colts pulled off a surprise. They put Tom Matte at quarterback, used two tight ends and ran from the old-fashioned T formation. With Tim Brown at left halfback, Baltimore began to eat up yards on the ground. Brown would carry the ball on a straight dive play or on a sweep, or Matte would keep it on a run-pass option, and the Jets were obviously bewildered. A 70-yard drive in 11 plays provided a touchdown, with Brown scoring from the six, and Baltimore was ahead 14–13.

The Jets had been worried how their

continued

rook e tackle, Sam Walton, would fare against Bubba Smith. But Smith had not done much until a third and eight shortly after the Baltimore touchdown. Smith hurled Walton to the grass, bowled over Mathis and crashed into Namath—way too late, an official said. The 15-yard penalty put the Jets on their 35. On the next play there seemed to be a confusion about assignments in the Baltimore secondary. Lammons popped out all by himself, Namath lobbed him the ball, and suddenly the Jets were back out front by 20–14.

Baltimore then began another long drive that used the rest of the third quarter and lasted well into the fourth, ending with a fumble that Al Atkinson recovered for New York on the Jets' three. Throwing from his end zone, Namath hit Maynard coming across the middle at the 30. Namath twice connected with Sauer on sideline patterns against Lyles. Snell picked up 12 on a draw. The march was halted at the Baltimore 28. Turner entered to kick a field goal that would give the Jets a more than one-touchdown lead. Instead, Parilli, the holder, leaped up and passed to Lammons, who scored his third touchdown of the day. Jets 27, Baltimore 14.

The Colts decided to get serious. They abandoned their slow-moving T formation, and Unitas returned at quarterback. Mackey gained 21 on an end-around. Orr eluded Cornell Gordon for an 18-yard pass. Then Tim Brown took the ball on a halfback draw, seemed to get lost for a moment in the midst of a lot of milling bodies, reappeared and ran 33 yards for a touchdown. Jets 27, Baltimore 21.

I had a strong feeling Baltimore would win. But Namath was never better. He stayed with the short passes, got a nice gain on a screen to Boozer, and with one minute remaining it was third and five at the Baltimore 43. Everybody expected a pass—which probably should have been the call—but Mathis plunged for four. Fourth and one with 48 seconds on the clock. Ball on Baltimore 39. Turner tried a 46-yard field goal which was blocked by Fred Miller. Ball on Baltimore 42 with 41 seconds left. I knew what was going to happen. My only question was whether the pass would be caught by Richardson, Orr or Mackey. So who do you suppose caught it? Johnny Sample, the man who claims the NFL blacklisted him. Sample ran back and forth across the field, and time was over before another play could be gotten off. The Jets had won 27–21. They nearly drowned Ewbank in the shower. They might have done it had the scene not been on TV, his gurgles audible to millions. Your wife was sobbing. "If the Jets can beat Baltimore, Max can beat the jungle," she said. Women have a keen sense for the upset.

Enclosed is the $50 I owe you for betting on Houston.

Yours contritely,
Bud

Meet the Playmates.

Maximum warranties at mini-prices.

Two black-and-white portables from Admiral. We call them the Playmates. They're fun to watch. Have plenty of style. Are easy to own. Check the Playmate 9 (right, above). For prices starting at $75*, you get a clear 9" (diag.) picture with easy, room-to-room portability. Plus high-styled cabinetry that's only 12 lbs. light. Or, the Playmate 12 (right, below). It flashes on 12" (diag.) of sharp picture and bright sound—from only $85*. The Playmates feature Admiral Instant Play and built-in antenna. And they're backed by this strong warranty:

Admiral warrants receiver, to original owner, to be free from defects for 90 days after date of sale. Picture tube so warranted for one year. Obligation limited to supplying replacement parts except no labor charge made if receiver brought to authorized Admiral Service Station within 90 days after sale. For name & address of nearest Authorized Admiral Service Station, phone Western Union operator 25.





Admiral®

*Mfr. suggested retail price

The leader in portable TV

Ask the heads of 500,000 businesses —about Ætna.



They make the decisions.

And the heads of half a million businesses have decided on Ætna for their life, casualty, property or group insurance.

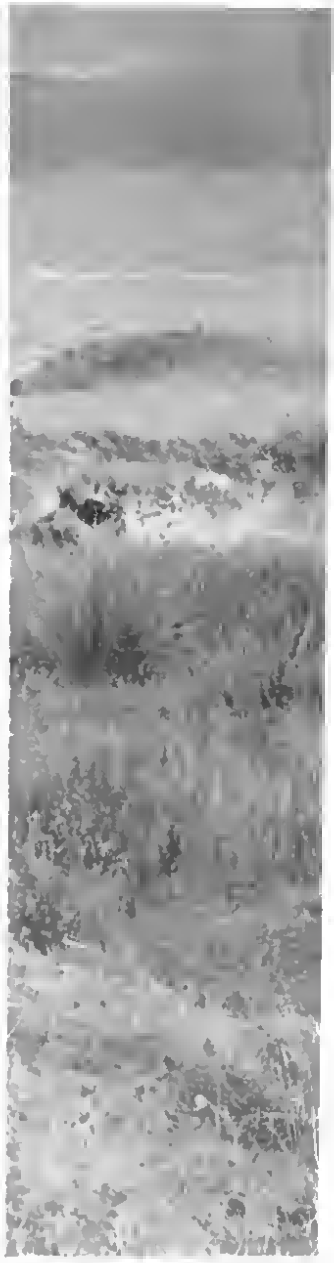
For example, more businesses are group insured with Ætna than with any other company. And 1 out of every 6 workers.

You might say, a businesslike approach has made us one of the largest insurance companies in the world. And this kind of thinking by our agents and brokers can work best for all your insurance—business and personal.

Ætna LIFE & CASUALTY

OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE





GETTING NAVY'S GOAT

by **WILLIAM JOHNSON**

Sure, a little piece of Ireland—the noble beast, King Puck—came to Annapolis, but he could not stop Army from beating the Middies 21–14

Now it should be made unmistakably clear from the beginning that this is an absurd and tortuous tale. It is laced *with bitterness, frustration,* avarice, suspicion of perfidious behavior—and poisonings. It is a story that treats of the untimely death of innocents, of the insensitive machinations of modern bureaucracy, of a gala pagan ceremony that is ruled over by a virgin and a hairy beast. The venues of this tale are many and varied: the burnished environs of Manhattan's "21" Club, the glorious green plateaus of Macgillycuddy's Reeks, which are Ireland's highest mountains, the antiseptic gray piles of architecture that are the campus of the U.S. Naval Academy. Ah, yes, and the characters of this story are diverse in the extreme. St. Patrick and Oliver Cromwell; a whizbang Manhattan adman *named* Thomas J. Maloney and a representative of something called the Mohair Council of America; and John Phillip O'Sullivan and Sean Falvey and the hermit Sean O'Shea and Pat Houlihan—all good citizens of Killorglin, an Irish village of premedieval origin situated in County Kerry between the Lakes of Killarney and Dingle Bay. It is a fantastic cast, indeed, but you would be deceived if you were not informed early on that the principal character is named King Puck. And he is a goat.

So much for the preamble. Now to get on with it—The Abstruse Fable of Getting Navy's Goat.

It is reasonably common knowledge that for some 75 years now the U.S. Naval Academy has owned one or more goats for the expressed purpose of bringing good fortune to the football team. It all began at the Army game of 1893, when Navy brought forth a goat named El Cid from the cruiser U.S.S. *New York*. El Cid had a bad case of sea legs and could only stagger in dazed bewilderment along the sidelines, but Navy won that day. Since then there have been 20 different goats—though rather a motley lot, it must be said. Some were spirited and brought great luck, others had even less class than El Cid, and one was actually



ESCORTED by Sean Falvey, the hermit Sean O'Shea and Pat Houlihan, King Puck leaves Macgillycuddy's Reeks to begin his odyssey

retired with an ugly case of mange. Sadly, a rather laissez-faire attitude still prevails when it comes to obtaining mascots. The officer who more or less oversees the goat situation nowadays is a brisk and cheerful Marine major named Terry Cooper. "All I really know about goats is what I've read in this catalog," Major Cooper said as he flipped the pages of a publication put out by the American Angora Goat Breeder's Association. "See, this is an Angora goat," he explained, pointing at a picture. A visitor said it looked more like a sheep than a goat, so the major studied it more closely. "Yes, maybe that one is a sheep," he said. "But *here's* one of a goat over here on this page."

About 18 months ago, in the spring of 1967, a group of alumni from the Class of 1927 was lunching at the "21" Club and discussing the rather shabby assortment of Navy goats collected over the years. After several drinks it was decided that on its 40th anniversary year the Class of '27 should donate a new mascot to the academy. It was also decided that Thomas J. Maloney, who is a vice-president of MacManus, John & Adams, Inc. ad agency and also founder of U.S. Camera Publications Corp., should take charge of the goat-getting. Now, even though Maloney is a man of high enthusiasm and great energy, he is not really an alumnus of the academy. He started at Annapolis with the Class of '27 but he dropped out and never did serve in the Navy. Nevertheless, he deeply loves his un-alma mater. So that day Tom Maloney set out after lunch to fulfill his years of unrequited devotion to Navy: he would find the most magnificent goat in the world and transport it in triumph to Annapolis.

Now, in truth, the academy was not wildly enthusiastic. It already had *two* goats—Bill XV, an arthritic 16-year-old, and Bill XVI, a $15 goat from Colorado that the Air Force Academy donated in 1966. But it was impossible to

continued

say no to the entire Class of '27—which included several admirals of the Navy plus some captains of industry, as well as key members of Navy's undefeated 1926 football team. So Navy said yes, and the odyssey of King Puck began.

To get his goat, Tom Maloney knew there was only one place in the world to go, Killorglin, Ireland, for Tom Maloney is a well-traveled man, and he knew that early each August in the cobbled square of Killorglin there occurs the unforgettable spectacle of Puck Fair. He knew that the star of the festival would be a majestic puck goat (meaning a male) culled from the brawny flocks that roam wild over the nearby slopes of Macgillycuddy's Reeks. He knew that this noble beast would be crowned King Puck, hung with bells and ermine tassels and raised in a flower-decked crib to the top of a royal scaffold 50 feet above the village square. And from there, the goat would reign over the whole madding frolic.

Now Puck Fair is *immensely* popular in Ireland. That may seem strange, for Killorglin is a fairly drab hamlet of 1,250 souls, and Puck Fair itself, if the truth be known, is not remarkably different from the ordinary run of festivals the world over. Except for one essential point: under special fiat granted centuries ago all 28 of Killorglin's pubs can remain open the full 72 consecutive hours of King Puck's monarchy. Nowhere else in Ireland is there a town that can boast such distinction, and that, in large part, explains the enormous crowds drawn to the revels at Puck Fair.

Of course, in normal months, Killorglin offers a less frantic scene. On a recent chill and misting autumn afternoon the small square stood deserted, its gray cobbles gleaming from the wet. The only sign of life was a horse that was harnessed to a two-wheeled cart, which contained a pig. Even O'Sullivan's pub—a shadowy and unadorned place that is intended solely for drink and conviviality—was without clients. It is run by John Phillip O'Sullivan, who has for 30 years been chairman of the Puck Fair. To him, the festival is a mystical combination of passion, profit and poetry, and so, for nearly two hours Chairman O'Sullivan spoke in silvery rhetoric that evoked sun-splashed scenes of summer even while droplets of mist rolled down the windows facing the dreary square. "Ah, you can feel the very hearts of the crowds pumping at Puck Fair time—the very square pulsates like a living creature," he said. "It is a peculiar *friendly* time, and the crowds seem lifted beyond their normal, mean personalities and they are *happy* at Puck Fair." He also mentioned in passing that much of the year-round happiness of Killorglin merchants depends on the commercial success of Puck's three days; then he outlined the scheme of King Puck's reign.

"About five weeks before the Fair, we contact our man who lives up on the mountain, he is named Sean O'Shea and he is a bit of hermit. He is also a specialist on goats, since he lives among them, and there are those among us who think Sean O'Shea has the *look* of a goat himself. Each year he is charged, by our committee, with spotting the finest-looking animal on the slopes. As a matter of sanitation and esthetics, we insist that during the weeks of the king's captivity before the fair he undergo repeated fumigations, washings and deodorizings. If you have ever lived in the same town with a puck goat, you'd know why. But once the king is ready to appear, he is so well-groomed, so combed and perfumed that he is more like a Dior mannequin than a puck goat. He is—dare I say it?—*lovely*."

No one can ever know, says O'Sullivan, just when Puck Fair was first held, but he is convinced that it is an outgrowth of a pre-Christian fertility rite. The ritual of Puck Fair also requires a queen who is virgin, and the committee cautiously ruled long ago that a girl under 11 years of age would be chosen to serve in that capacity. At sunset of the fair's first day (called Gathering Day), the virgin crowns the goat and he ascends to his throne. At sunset on the last day of the fair (called Scattering Day), the goat comes down, she removes the crown and King Puck goes back to being a wild goat while his queen goes back to grade school. "I suppose," said Chairman O'Sullivan, "the pagan requirement of a virgin and a goat signifies Innocence and the Beast. Or perhaps Purity and Fertility—which I must say, constitutes a supernaturally perfect combination."

There are other versions of Puck's origin. One involves the gift of a puck goat to St. Patrick that encouraged him to bless the whole southwest of Ireland. Another has it that around 1650 the invading English armies of Oliver Cromwell were delayed briefly at Killorglin one



THE VIRGIN QUEEN OPENS 1968 KILLORGLIN FESTIVITIES BY CROWNING KING PUCK

night because a flock of mountain goats, led by a noble buck, clattered across the cobbled square. The flock awakened the town, which set up a fierce, if temporary, resistance to Cromwell's troops. Some people believe that legend, but Chairman O'Sullivan admits that it is probably not true, since frightened goats usually circle behind intruders instead of stampeding in front. Ironically, of course, it was the Cromwell tale that appealed to Tom Maloney in his quest for Navy's new goat. "Good lord, what more could we ask?" he said. "Here's a goat that actually *stopped Arms*!"

Misinformed though he was about that, Maloney's campaign to make King Puck a Navy goat was enthusiastic and well organized, but the men of Killorglin were not immediately convinced that their hallowed tradition should be lent to a cause as insignificant as American football—a game they thought sissified anyway, with all its pads, helmets and cushions. To help bridge the culture gap, Maloney enlisted the aid of a man from the Irish Tourist Board who gave fiery pep talks about positive thinking to drinkers in the gloom of O'Sullivan's Bar. Ultimately the visions of floods of Puck Fair publicity in the U.S. caused the skepticism to disappear.

Thus, in August 1967, Maloney flew in from New York for the final summit negotiations with key committee personnel. There was, of course, Chairman O'Sullivan. And there was the secretary, Sean Falvey, an articulate young schoolteacher. And there was Patrick Houlihan, a rosy-cheeked man-about-work who held the contract for building King Puck's scaffold, as well as for his general all-round care during the fair. The arrangement was that Maloney would pay $100 to Puck Fair, plus all fees required to get King Puck from Macgillycuddy's Reeks to Maryland.

Oh, it was a fine, firm business deal consummated with many pints of good Guinness stout. "I suppose we might have sensed a fiddle in it," Sean Falvey, the teacher, mused much later. "But Tom Maloney is a genuine man, I know. Of course, we bit the cherry on the positive-thinking arguments. They made us greedy for the publicity. Ah, yes, it was greed, I know now. And the rewards of greed aren't often worth a damn."

Indeed, the odyssey of King Puck was double-damned, jinxed, hexed and star-crossed from the start. The goat had scarcely set down on U.S. soil in an Aer Lingus jet when bad things began to happen. A U.S. Department of Agriculture agent suddenly stiffened as he riffled through the thicket of documents that accompany any animal immigrant and, as Maloney recalls it, he shouted in a deep and dramatic baritone: "I'll shoot that goat if he sets foot off that plane. His papers are not in order!"

Well, there was nothing to be done for it. King Puck was flashed back to Shannon Airport. At first, there was grand embarrassment at the Irish Department of Agriculture in Dublin, but that feeling soon changed to icy disdain when U.S. agents sheepishly admitted that King

continued





The weekend casual that took Monday by surprise!

These are the rich choice handsewns* that turn on the total look. An absolute fashion feast of luxurious leathers and coordinated colors. Custom built with heavy duty hardware, tassels and thick beefrolls. Let Roamers announce your good taste in dressmanship whether you stand tall on the campus or square on the floor of the stock exchange. From 16 to 20 dollars.

SEBAGO MOC

For store nearest you, write Sebago-Moc Co., Dept. SI, Westbrook, Maine 04092



Designed like the Astrodome



The framework can take it no matter what game you play. It's cut to take the swings, and forward passes

Allen-A designers are as precise as architects They designed a T-shirt for the active man in the active society 50% Quintess™ polyester, a Phillips 66 fiber, 50% combed cotton Allen-A's Permanent Press blend will endure under stress. Allen-A "Dittos" T-shirts are shrink resistant and wrinkle free

It features a contour shoulder that won't hold back as you reach for a long pass This contour sleeve is designed for more freedom of movement than the ordinary set in sleeve.

Allen-A "Dittos" T-shirts, briefs and athletic shirts are 2 for $3 You'll feel better in them even as a spectator. Available at department and men's stores

The Underwear Architects.

Allen A.

QUINTESS POLYESTER

PHILLIPS 66 **PHILLIPS FIBERS CORPORATION,** NEW YORK N.Y. 10036, A SUBSIDIARY OF PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY.

REG. T.M. PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY

Puck's papers had been misread He was, they said, quite welcome to return Ah, hut there was another delay at Shannon, and the poor goat, confined to the baggage center, fell to an alarming state of low morale and had health At last, a sympathetic traffic controller sent an S O S to Killorglin

Stricken, Pat Houlihan exclaimed to Sean Falvey, "I shan't stand here, Sean, and allow the goat to die in captivity I'm going to Shannon and bring King Puck home " It was done and, with some good Killorglin grass in his belly, the goat quickly took on the look of well-being When all was ready for his return to the States, a newly frisky King was re-crated by Pat Houlihan, driven again to Shannon and jetted off once more to America Houlihan figured it only reasonable that he be paid for his time, so he sent a bill for $70 to Maloney "I thought it not unfair," said Houlihan, "for I have five children to support and the few quid wasn t asking for much, you know

But by then Maloney was in no mood to be spreading largess any further, and he did not pay Houlihan Instantly, all of Killorglin turned sour toward Maloney "Any man who thinks a few quid are more important than a goat's life has his wires reversed," said Sean Falvey At that point no one would have agreed more than Tom Maloney that every wire was crossed, crisscrossed and short-circuited in King Puck's world. "Hell," said Tom, "the goat was *here* in the States, all right, but everything being written called him 'Tom Maloney s goat' and that was exactly what I didn't want He was *Navy*'s new mascot And anyway, by the time the damned thing turned up at the academy, it had cost me $2,000 " To add insult to inflation, the Navy was only using handsome King Puck as a "backup mascot" to the punier, less ornery $15 Bill XVI

Yet—miraculously—when King Puck did finally appear at games against Syracuse and Army in 1967, Navy produced stunning upsets. Indeed, for those two brief Saturdays, the goat's hitherto ominous odyssey seemed at last to be crowned with good fortune. Could it last? Of course not.

One hot sunny day last July a new hand at the academy's farm in Gambrills, Md. cut the grass outside the goat's pen, then drove his machine inside the fence where grazed the feeble old Bill

continued



Some Beam gift bottles are very memorable.

Like this one.

Commemorative bottles pictured on the Jim Beam gold foil Holiday wrapping are from the prized Beam Collector's Series. Jim Beam 86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled and bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam Kentucky

The world's finest Bourbon since 1795.

FOR THE MAN WHO



WANTS EVERYTHING

Everything he could want in a camera is right here...in these, our very best Kodak Instamatic® cameras.

Over there on the left, our most automatic camera, the Instamatic 814. This camera does practically everything automatically. Just drop in the film cartridge. The 814 adjusts automatically to the speed of the film. It automatically computes the proper exposure. Warns when to use a flashcube. Automatically advances both film and flashcube after each shot. With precision f/2.8 four-element Ektar lens, it's less than $140.

If he leans toward movies, there's the Kodak Instamatic M9 movie camera with 5 to 1 power zoom. Just drop in the super 8 film cartridge and the M9 is raring to go. No winding—it's battery powered. Power zoom from 9.5mm wide-angle to 45mm telephoto. It has four shooting speeds from slow to fast motion to pace the action. Reflex through-the-lens viewing with big sports-type viewfinder. And a through-the-lens CdS automatic exposure control. With super-sharp focusing f/1.8 lens, it's less than $230.

If he goes for single-lens reflex cameras, give him the brand-new Kodak Instamatic reflex camera. It gives the ultimate in convenience... drop-in loading, no rewinding, flashcube, simplified settings...the ultimate in picture-taking *control* with through-the-lens viewing and focusing and interchangeable lenses...and fully automatic exposure over a tremendous range—from 1/500 to 20 seconds. Lets him shoot superbly realistic color even under extremely low light conditions. With f/2.8 lens, less than $200; with f/1.9 lens, less than $250.

More? A fine projector below?



The Kodak Carousel 850 projector keeps each slide in focus automatically. It's jam-proof. As dependable as gravity. Has both remote and automatic slide changing. Less than $180

He can show Kodak Super 8 and regular 8mm with the Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector—and at normal, fast, or slow-motion speeds, forward or reverse, and "stills." Automatic threading. From less than $200.

FINE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS FROM KODAK.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Keep it casual with Arrow's Country Living tattersall. Available in both long and short sleeves, in six great styles, each in three patterns. A total of 18 winning combinations to choose from. Sanforized and PERMA-IRON cotton. Wash, tumble dry, wear it. Long sleeve $6.50. Short sleeve $5.50.

Arrow

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.

XV, young Bill XVI and the noble Irish monarch. A lethal pesticide had been sprayed upon the grass outside the pen and some clotted lumps of the poisoned cuttings lodged in the power mower. They fell inside the pen. King Puck and Bill XVI ate them and both died within the day; ancient Bill XV survived only because his teeth are so poor that he cannot eat grass anymore.

The goats' obituaries were duly posted in newspapers. In an elephantine, if oddly fitting, stroke of irony, the notices of King Puck's death generated about all the publicity that Puck Fair ever did receive from the affair. Once the news was out the academy received a spate of offers to replace its mascot. The quickest reaction came in an eager dispatch from one Walter Pfluger of the Mohair Council of America, an association of goat breeders.

He offered a free, new, purebred Angora goat to the Navy. Walter Pfluger also used the occasion of King Puck's death to offer the use of his association's beauty queen—Miss Mohair of the Universe—for the Army-Navy game or "other appropriate occasions." The academy replied that it couldn't think of any occasions where Miss Mohair of the Universe would be appropriate. It did, however, accept the goat, which was duly delivered this September. Around his old ranch in Texas the goat had been known as "Admiral Chester Nimitz," but the midshipmen applied their own special brand of fun-loving creativity and renamed him Bill XVII.

Although Walter Pfluger had wafted his pitch in first, Tom Maloney and the Class of '27 did not remain idle. Within 48 hours of King Puck's death, Maloney told the academy that he was standing by to bring over the 1968 Killorglin king. Rather reluctantly, academy brass told Maloney to proceed with the operation if he *really* "desired to go to the expense and trouble again."

Since Maloney's name was anathema in Killorglin, he brooded about how he could make a contact to buy King Puck. Idly, he mentioned the problem to his old friend, Pete Kriendler, who is an owner of the "21" Club. Kriendler, a hyperefficient executive, acted instantly. He phoned the venerable old Gresham Hotel in Dublin. He outlined the crisis to Managing Director T. J. O'Sullivan (no kin to Killorglin's Chairman O'Sullivan), then followed up with an enor-

continued

The gift watch for Christmas Scrooges: Seiko.

It's the automation-made watch that looks like a million dollars, runs like the dickens, and costs about half the price of watches made the old-fashioned way.

Because now you pay only for the timepiece and not the time it took to make it.

The largest manufacturer of jeweled lever watches in the world: SEIKO



The Seiko 17 jewel automatic watch with unique instant date change feature. Stainless steel case is Water-Tested to 98.2 ft. Luminous hands. Leather strap. $49.50. Other Seiko automatic watches with instant date change from $45.00.



Actual size

The lighter you don't do nothing to.

That's right. Nothing.
You don't refill it. You don't re-flint it.
You don't repair it.
You do nothing but light it.

It's dispoz-a-lite, the disposable lighter that everyone's doing nothing to. When the butane fuel runs out, throw it away. You get thousands of lights for less than a penny a pack. Beautiful.

dispoz-a-lite®

Disposable butane. Only $1.49

Garrity Industries, Stamford, Conn

mously detailed night letter "Well, of course, Toddy O'Sullivan was delighted to help," Pete Kriendler said "Toddy's really a kind of Mister Ireland, you know He has a fine reputation—a *fine* reputation Also a *fine* collection of Irish silver If Toddy O'Sullivan can't get that goat out of Killorglin, no one can"

Actually, Toddy O'Sullivan seems like precisely the kind of man who would have *nothing* to do with getting goats out of Ireland He is a middle-aged gentleman of elegant grooming and he has the poised look of a natural aristocrat, the worldly mien of a man at ease with princes or prime ministers but not with goats. Nevertheless, he seemed positively delighted with the escapade "Ah, I never fancied myself as a goat exporter," he said, chuckling "But I must say that I've made rather a success of it"

Scarcely two weeks after Toddy O'Sullivan entered the negotiations, Tom Maloney passed through Dublin on business and stopped at the Gresham Hotel, eager for a progress report Toddy beamed and said with dignity, "Official documents are in final processing. The puck goat is in captivity in Killorglin, Tom. It is awaiting your pleasure— and the delivery, of course, of $100 to Pat Houlihan" Predictably, Tom Maloney looked surprised, for of course this was the same Pat Houlihan who had claimed to be underpaid in the $70 billing "Maybe," said Toddy O'Sullivan soothingly, "they've simply decided to forgive and forget in Killorglin"

But on that recent chill and drizzly day in Killorglin, when the subject of this year's transaction was introduced in O'Sullivan's Bar, it was clear that Chairman John Phillip O'Sullivan, at least had neither forgotten nor forgiven The chairman's light blue eyes widened behind his rimless spectacles and he said: "Sir, we have had no contact at all with America We have not even been advanced the courtesy of an official notification of the *death* of last year's King Puck No, there will be no goats sent again by our committee to America"

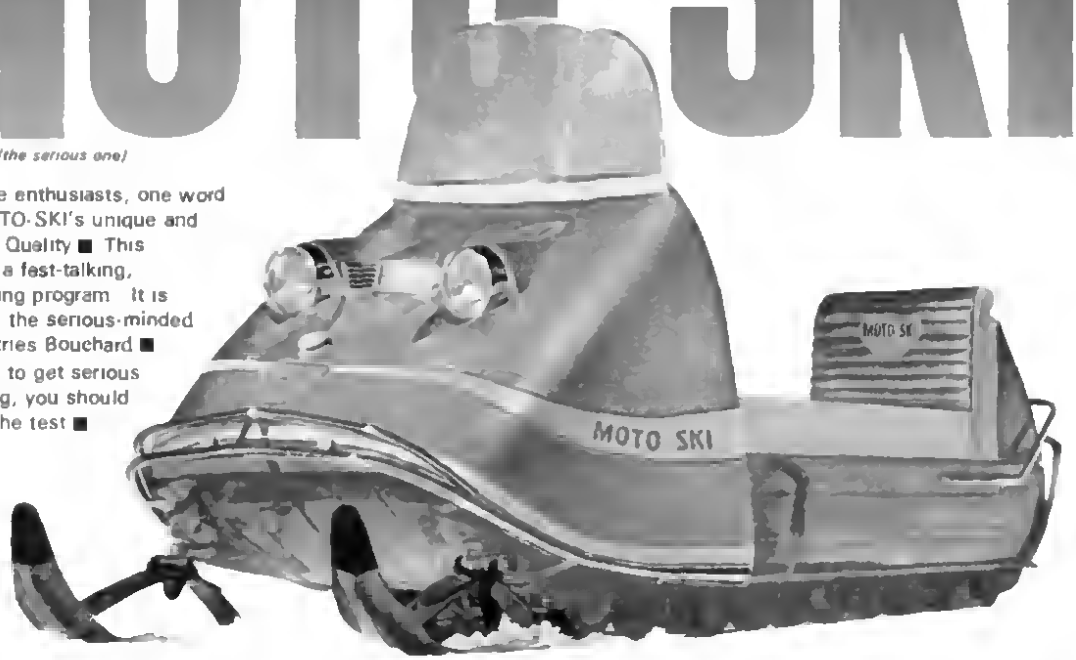
Then Chairman O'Sullivan was informed about Pat Houlihan's contacts with Toddy O'Sullivan in Dublin, about the documents already prepared, about King Puck's imminent departure. The chairman scowled. "If that goat is sent out, there will be questions." Chairman O'Sullivan then suggested that Sean Falvey as committee secretary would certainly know of any such "alleged" transactions. Falvey was as flabbergasted as the chairman "Pat Houlihan has arranged it?" he asked "I just can't put it in my head that Pat would sell King Puck himself I mean, not without consulting the committee"

When Sean arrived at Pat Houlihan's home the mist had stopped, and there was the hint of a cold golden sunset beneath thick clouds When he was asked about King Puck, poor Pat flushed. Then he blinked. Then he produced a very, very small and painful smile, and he said, "Of course, I meant to tell the committee the moment the goat was off, Sean But I was afraid that if word spread

MOTO-SKI

(the serious one)

Among snowmobile enthusiasts, one word best describes MOTO-SKI's unique and envied reputation Quality ■ This is not the result of a fast-talking, expensive advertising program It is the achievement of the serious-minded craftsmen at Industries Bouchard ■ When you're ready to get serious about snowmobiling, you should put MOTO-SKI to the test ■



MOTO SKI
manufactured by
Industries ■ Bouchard
Quebec

a subsidiary of Giffen Industries Inc ■ Recreation Leisure Time Division

of the sale, Sean O'Shea—even up on the mountain—would have heard, and he'd not have parted with the goat for 200 *pounds*. I was protecting everyone's interests, surely you see that. If Toddy O'Sullivan himself hadn't guaranteed me the money, Sean, I shan't have gotten involved with the American Navy. I don't trust the bounders, either."

Sean Falvey sounded weary and sad as he said, "I'd not have thought it of you, Pat. You've taken advantage of your position on the committee and sold King Puck. You've capitalized for yourself on Puck Fair, and the dollar sign is the root of it all, isn't it, Pat?"

Pat Houlihan threw out his hands in a helpless plea. "Sean, see it this way, then—it's a private transaction between Toddy O'Sullivan and meself. I've sold him a goat, that's all. There is nothing wrong with a man selling a goat and picking up a few quid to support his children, now, is there, Sean? Is there?"

Sean Falvey said quietly, "Pat. Pat Houlihan. I am only now getting to know how little I know about people. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Pat. But, of course, I was wrong, wasn't I?"

That night John Phillip O'Sullivan pondered the situation in the dim light of his pub and finally he made his decision: "The goat sold to the American Navy can't possibly be King Puck, for there is *no* goat that is King Puck until our committee styles him so. Our King Puck was released to the hills this year. The American Navy has a goat from Killorglin, but it cannot be truthfully called King Puck." Then a broad smile beamed across his face. "Of course," he said, "if that *is* the same big black goat that abdicated his crown this fall, then I must commiserate with the American Navy. He was a bloody bad goat that one was—a hopeless slop who would not deign even to stand when he was crowned."

Well, as the tale at last ends, this handsome, black Irish goat is alive and well and residing in a pen near Annapolis. Tom Maloney figures he is out another $1,000 or so. Pat Houlihan has gained a few quid, but times are testy in Killorglin. Two goats are dead and, reflecting on its football season, Navy is not far from it. King Puck has had his vengeance. If there is a moral to this story, it is obscured. However, it might be respectfully suggested that the next time Navy seeks a mascot from Killorglin, it ought to consider the virgin. **END**

What! You still don't own any mutual funds?



Few home movies are bad enough to turn your stomach. Most, simply put you to sleep. They're supposed to move. Most don't. So they look home-made.

Unless you take them with one of Bauer's eight Super 8 movie cameras. Because all eight offer professional features that add pace, variety and interesting effects to your movies. Depending on the model: features like 8-to-1 power zoom lenses, an automatic wiping mask for fade-ins and fade-outs, and the *slowest* slow motion in Super 8. Plus bright, reflex viewing for perfect focus and thru-the-lens light metering for automatically correct exposures.

Prices range from about $50* to $420*. Bauer's three great Super 8 projectors start at about $80*. See them all at your camera dealer.

Or write for information: Allied Impex Corp., 300 Park Ave. So., New York 10010. Chicago. Dallas. Glendale, Calif.

Get even. Send us 50¢ and the name of your favorite home-movie bore. We'll send you a certificate you can award him in recognition of his talents. Maybe he'll get the message.



Bauer

for home movies that don't look home made.

They broke the record for breaking records

The 1968 college football season is over, except for the Penn State-Syracuse parka parade at University Park next Saturday followed by the familiar assortment of Peach, Pecan, Potato, El Toro and Rose Bowls in the holiday weeks ahead, and for cornerbacks, defensive coaches, statistics keepers and scoreboard operators, the end has not come a minute too soon. There were weekends to cherish for such teams as Georgia, Arkansas, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, SMU and Ohio U., which enjoyed unexpected success, but the most noteworthy, stimulating and memorable happening of all was the way offenses overwhelmed defenses and introduced frenzy to every game.

There were more touchdowns scored, more total yardage gained, more passes thrown and more completed for more yardage than ever before. Five hundred-yard total offense figures were not uncommon and the average number of points scored in all major-college games was 42.5, breaking the old record of 38.8 set in 1951 and an increase of 5.7 per game in just one year. Houston won games by scores of 100–6, 77–3 and 71–33 before losing one 40–20—and Iowa beat Northwestern 68–34. Buffalo edged Temple 50–40, Air Force won over Colorado 58–35 and Indiana beat Baylor 40–36 and Iowa 38–34 before losing to Purdue 38–35. A team with a 20-point lead was about as safe as a steer in a slaughterhouse.

There were several reasons for the scoring splurge. Teams ran more plays—an average of 9.8 per game—partly because of the rule change that provided for a time out after every first down, but mainly because they called plays quicker and used shorter counts. Even more of a factor was that defenses, set wider and wider to protect against spread formations, were increasingly vulnerable to running games. Sixteen backs topped the once-sacred figure of 1,000 yards running in one season, and school and conference ground-gaining achievements of such stars as Tom Harmon, Glenn Davis and Mike Garrett were shattered. "What was once a perfectly good defense technically," says Texas Tech Coach J. T. King, "is no longer sound. A lot of coaches are going to do some deep thinking about defense this winter."

The other most surprising trend was the emergence of the sophomore quarterback as a child to be reckoned with. It was only six months ago that any coach with an untried quarterback would consider his team to be a year away. "This is a rebuilding season," the coach would say as he trotted his sophomore out with instructions to call two running plays and fall on the ball when in doubt. But two-platoon football and the attractive money being offered by the pros have made the advanced training of high school quarterbacks a science. By the time he is 19 the quarterback may well be a poised young man who can read seven different defenses and call audibles at the line faster than his coach can pray on the sidelines. And so coach after coach and team after team was flabbergasted this year by what its sophomore quarterback could do or, worse luck, what the other fellows' sophomores could do.

The most exciting of the prodigies was SMU's Chuck Hixson, who led the nation's passers with 265 completions for 3,103 yards and 21 touchdowns in 468 attempts. As a result SMU, which was picked for a low finish in the Southwest Conference, enjoyed a 7-3 season. The most effective youngsters, however, belonged to Woody Hayes at Ohio State. He had two, Rex Kern and Ron Maciejowski, and they led the Buckeyes to a Big Ten championship and No. 1 ranking. Then there were Mike Cavan of Georgia, who marched the Bulldogs to an 8-0-2 record and an unexpected Southeastern Conference championship, and Bill Montgomery of Arkansas, whose team was 9-1 and tied Texas for the Southwest Conference title. Notre Dame, happily, turned up Joe Theismann, who started the last three games for the Irish after Terry Hanratty retired for knee surgery, and who led his team to a 21–21 tie with USC (*page 18*). And there were others, too, like Scott Hunter of Alabama (8-2), Archie Manning of Mississippi (6-3-1), Jim Plunkett of Stanford (6-3-1), Tommy Suggs of South Carolina (4-6), Leo Hart of Duke (4-6) and Mike Sherwood of West Virginia (7-3).

As far as the happy coaches of these teams are concerned, the rebuilding was a pleasure and the next season can start tomorrow. And as far as their assistants in charge of defense are concerned, next season never has to start at all, or at least not for 10 years or so, by which time somebody might have found a way to keep the football out of the end zone and sophomores in their place.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (8-1-1)
2. ARKANSAS (9-1)
3. HOUSTON (6-2-2)

Although the scoreboard indicated that Texas began winning its game against Texas A&M when it blasted for three touchdowns in the first period, the initial stride toward the victory was taken 12 months earlier. It was a year ago that Longhorn Defensive Halfback Ronnie Ehrig put a picture on the wall of his room showing how the Aggies' Bob Long had outmaneuvered him to score the touchdown that beat Texas 10–7 and cost the Longhorns a conference championship. "I've been thinking about it ever since," Ehrig explained. Tackle Loyd Wainscott summed up the feelings of the rest of the team by saying, "We were out-of-our-minds ready for them." Thus prepared, the Longhorns took a 35–0 halftime lead before throttling down to a 35–14 win that moved them into a tie for the Southwest Conference championship with Arkansas and into the Cotton Bowl against Tennessee. (Arkansas will face Georgia in the Sugar Bowl.) Bill Bradley, the used-to-be quarterback, was, like Ehrig, a man with a score

to settle with the Aggies. He did it by playing as a defensive back and intercepting four passes. In spite of such troubles, Aggie Quarterback Edd Hargett broke Sammy Baugh's conference mark for career touchdown passes by throwing for two more and raising his total to 40.

Only 4,000 people came to see Baylor Coach John Bridgers' final game—he had gotten a Dear John letter from his boss the day before after 10 years on the job—and some of them left in the first period with Rice leading 7–0. As a result, they missed a comeback by the Bears, who gave Bridgers a 16–7 win as a *bon voyage* present.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. ARMY (7-3)
3. YALE (8-0-1)

All week the word coming out of Annapolis was about the new formations that Coach Bill Elias had been working on "ever since last year's Army-Navy game," that epic occasion when David beat Goliath with a handful of pebbles. West Point was singularly silent, but Coach Tom Cahill did make a slight change in his offensive alignment, and Fullback Charlie Jarvis was reported to be still brooding over his fumble which cost Army a chance to beat Navy last year. When the teams finally got together before the usual 102,000 in Philadelphia's John F. Kennedy Stadium, Elias' new quirk turned out to be a slot T with the slotback inside the tackle, while Cahill's gambit was to move his split end in tight in his wing T.

Neither change was very startling but for a while both defenses were thrown off balance by the maneuvers. Then Army, adjusting more quickly, took a 14–0 lead on two smashing plunges by the vengeful Jarvis. But Navy refused to stay sunk. Halfback Dan Pike scored from the one-foot line after a fumbled punt gave the Middies the ball on the Cadet 33, and Tackle Tom LaForce intercepted one of Quarterback Steve Lindell's passes and ran 36 yards for a touchdown to tie the score. Out went Lindell and in came Jim O'Toole, the second-string quarterback who had almost bailed out Army last year. On his second play O'Toole threw a short pass to Split End Joe Albano, who lost his shoe but gained 64 yards to the Navy 14. A minute later Jarvis hustled over from the 10-yard line for his third touchdown and Army had its win, 21–14.

Boston College had no such trouble bringing down Holy Cross, thanks to Frank Harris, a smooth sophomore passer, and Dave Bennett, a fast senior halfback with dipsy-doodle moves. Harris completed 17 of 24 passes for 206 yards and three touchdowns, and Bennett scored twice on 22- and 71-yard runs as BC rolled up 609 yards and a 40–20 victory.

continued

CUTTY SARK
America's №1
Gift Scotch
CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LD
THE BUCKINGHAM



MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. KANSAS (9-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (7-2-1)

"We stunk up the place," said Oklahoma State Coach Phil Cutchin, but Oklahoma's Chuck Fairbanks thought the air was filled with the sweet smell of success following his team's 41-7 win. With the victory, which Bob Warmack engineered by passing for two touchdowns and running for another pair, the Sooners earned a share of the Big Eight title with Kansas. Warmack attempted 20 passes and completed a dozen of them, 10 of which went to Wingback Eddie Hinton. Warmack set a Big Eight career record with a total of 3,537 yards.

Tulsa, leading 3-0 in the fourth quarter and unable to gain much yardage in the muddy going, scored three touchdowns on passes in the closing minutes to wipe out winless Wichita State 23-7 in a Missouri Valley Conference game.

SOUTH

1. GEORGIA (8-0-2)
2. TENNESSEE (8-1-1)
3. ALABAMA (8-2)

"We want 100," was what the fans were chanting at halftime, but the crowd was rooting for Florida State to get the 100 not Houston, which had scored that much the week before but now trailed 25-0. State only got to 40, however, as Houston's firm-as-marshmallow defense was rendered helpless by Bill Cappleman and Run Sellers. Cappleman was on target all day, especially to Sellers, who caught 14 passes for 214 yards to finish first in the country with 86 catches good for 1,496 yards. Paul Gipson of the Cougars ran for 164 yards and wound up fourth nationally with 1,550 yards, but the blitzing Seminoles won easily 40-20. "We didn't execute. If we had, we would have butchered them," said Houston Coach Bill Yeoman after the game.

Georgia manhandled Georgia Tech 47-8, the Bulldogs' most lopsided win in the 75-year-old rivalry. The outcome was decided early, with Georgia going 98 yards for a score the first time it had the ball and with Tech Quarterback Larry Good being injured in the first period.

Although he did not step into a phone booth to change outfits, Mike Hall of Alabama looked like Clark Kent against Auburn as he switched jerseys to play both linebacker and tight end. The quick-change artist was largely responsible for Alabama's 24-16 victory.

In other SEC contests Tennessee needed a 23-yard, third-period field goal by Karl Kremser to build off surprising Vanderbilt 10-7, and winless Mississippi State, surprisingly, tied Mississippi 17-17. Tommy Pharr of the Bulldogs, an all-SEC quarterback despite playing for a team that was 0-8-2, passed

for two touchdowns against Ole Miss and had his team ahead until late in the last quarter.

There were less than three minutes left, Florida trailed 10–7 and it had the ball on the Miami six-yard line. With Larry Smith gaining 90 yards, the upset-minded Gators had rallied from a 10–0 deficit, but now came the big play. Again Smith carried, this time breaking three tackles as he charged over the goal line to stun Miami 14–10.

Substitute Quarterback Wayne Humphries, who had not completed a pass all year, made good with three touchdown throws as Virginia Tech stomped VMI 55–6, while Memphis State routed Louisville 44–14 to take the Missouri Valley Conference title in its first MVC season.

WEST

1 USC (9-0-1)
2 OREGON STATE (7-3)
3 ARIZONA STATE (8-2)

Perhaps the worst psychological ploy of the season came when Arizona put the squeeze on the Sun Bowl selection committee and said, in effect, "Take us now or forget us." The Sun Bowl, running scared, took the Wondercats to play Auburn. But that was before last Saturday's Arizona-Arizona State game. ASU, naturally annoyed at being passed over by the Sun Bowl, took out its pique on Arizona. The first time ASU got the ball Fullback Art Malone ripped up the middle—where Arizona was supposed to be strongest—for 46 yards and a touchdown. Minutes later Malone ran 30 yards—through the same hole—for another score. ASU'S eventual 30–7 win gave idle Wyoming the Western AC title.

Despite the absence of seven black athletes who boycotted the game with Brigham Young because of contention over Mormon Church policies, San Jose State outscored the Cougars 25–21. San Diego State, unbeaten and the nation's No. 1 small-college team, enhanced its prestige against Utah State, a major-college opponent. The Aztecs piled up a 23–7 lead, then survived a brief rally by the Aggies to clinch their ninth win, 30–19, on Dennis Shaw's 24-yard touchdown run with 1:13 to go. The victory avenged San Diego's only loss in its last 37 games. **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Florida State Quarterback Bill Cappleman passed Houston dizzy, completing 25 of 34 for 351 yards and four touchdowns. He has totaled 25 scoring passes, tying Cincinnati's Greg Cook for the most this season.

THE LINEMAN: Alabama Linebacker Mike Hall had a full day against Auburn. On defense he intercepted two passes, recovered a fumble and was in on 16 tackles, while as an offensive tight end he caught a touchdown pass.

for Christmas—for all occasions...

JADE EAST



AFTER SHAVE from $2.50
COLOGNE from $3.00
SWANK Inc.–Sole Distributor

As an alternate fragrance, try Jade East CORAL or Jade East GOLDEN LIME

FOR MEN WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SLIPPERS...

THE STAY-AT-HOME LUXURY OF EVANS.



Evans
HAND TURNED
Slippers for Men

SAGA BOOT, moss green or tan glove leather. Evans Slippers $6.00 to $18.00 at fine stores everywhere.
L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY Wakefield Mass. 01880

King Hussein of Jordan and his wife, Princess Muna, are taking an accelerated course in archery. Dr. Tom Pickering, an English geologist, is instructing them in preparation for a competition to be conducted by mail with the Canterbury Archers. The secretary of the Canterbury Archers explains that the idea of the thing "is to encourage interest in archery in Amman." This makes King Hussein's buildup of a force of archers the only O.K. aspect of the Middle East arms race.

◆ They laughed when Kansas City Rookie Goalie **Ted Ouimet** knelt at the altar during his wedding to Daniela Heinen. Lettered in ink on the soles of his shoes were "Help" and "S.O.S." "Our fellows this year are rather given to things of this sort," says Coach Fred Hucul tolerantly of his hockey players. Earlier, on a road trip, Ouimet's head was shaved by the fun-loving Blues, and then Wing Max Mestinsek had to make it home in his stocking feet after teammates stole his shoes. One of the leaders of this jolly band is Defenseman Bill Plager, who has suffered a leg injury that will keep him off the ice for at least another two months. Some say it was Divine Retribution, but it shapes up more clearly as eight or so long weeks of the Devil finding work for Plager's idle hands.



For weeks **Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau** of Canada has been working out in his backyard, in training for the kickoff at Canada's Grey Cup classic. He was gunning for the 40-yard record set by a former governor-general, Earl Alexander of Tunis, in the late '40s, and early reports from his coach were confident. "He's already doing 25-30 yards with the one-step convert approach," said Vic Chapman, an 11-year veteran of the Canadian Football League who himself once held a league punting record of *91* yards. "I told him to back up five or six steps and take a good run at it." So on Cup day Trudeau had the TV cameras moved back to allow a good run and he kicked the ball five yards.

◉ "A belly dancer naturally thinks of her own belly, but she thinks of other people's bellies, too," says **Little Egypt**, granddaughter of the original Little Egypt of Chicago World's Fair fame. The incumbent L.E. was disturbed to learn that basketball players get hit in the stomach a lot, so she called Jim Hardy of the Los Angeles Stars and offered to toughen up his boys' bellies. Hardy accepted, stating that her method could very well stimulate his players to greater agility. Miss Egypt has been teaching the team her own system of isometrics and breathing exercises, and she is all heart. Oh, maybe not *all* heart.

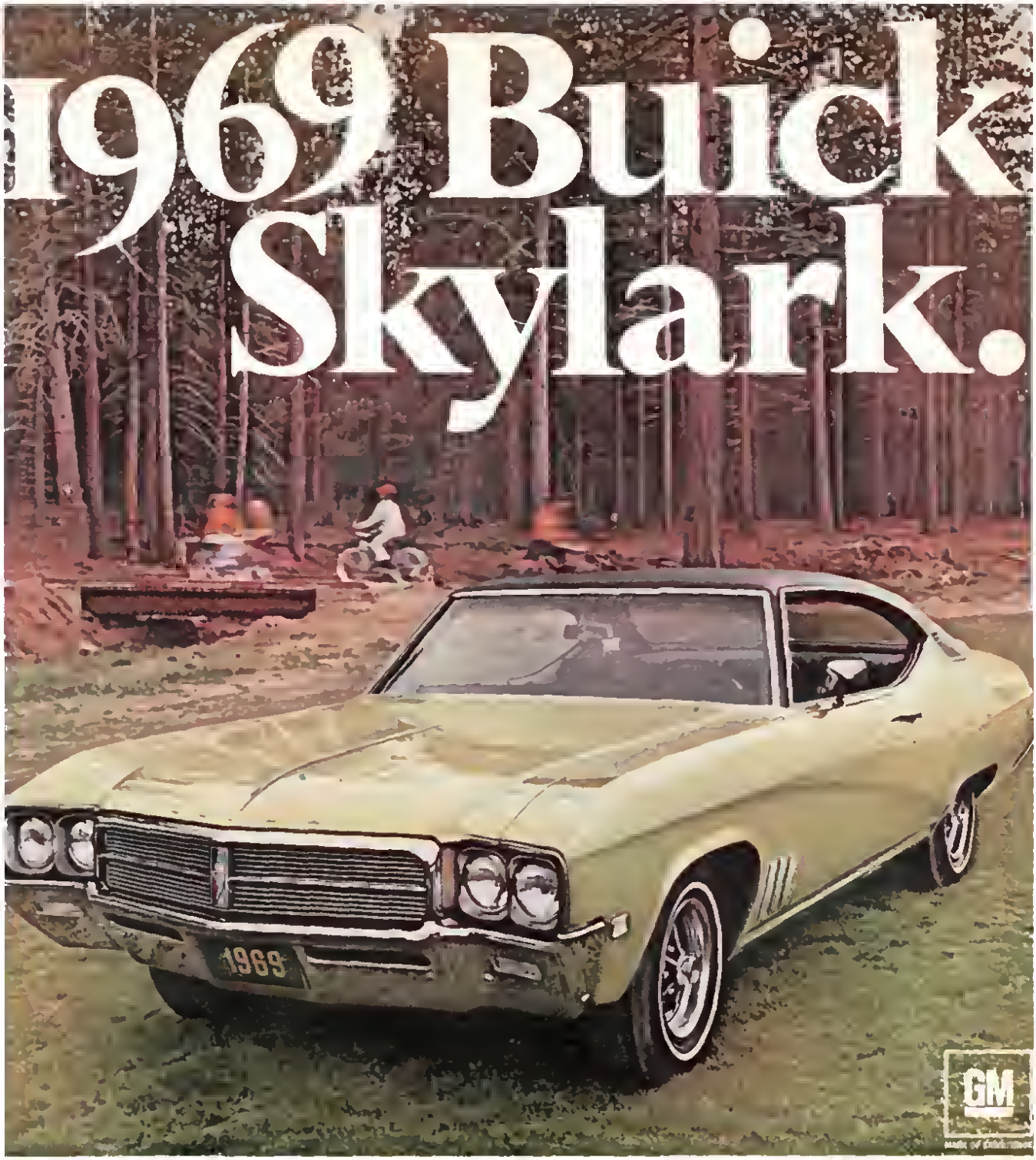
India's **Indira Gandhi** was quite a sportswoman as a girl, riding, swimming and hiking in the Himalayas with her father. When she became prime minister her activities were suddenly limited to long walks and the awarding of prizes to other athletes, but lately work has closed in to a degree precluding even that. An aide reports that Mrs. Gandhi has been reduced to sitting-up exercises in her bedroom.

Winning some and losing some, boxer **Thad Spencer** recently dropped his fight to England's Billy Walker, but at least was finally cleared of the fraud charge that had been hanging over his head in London. A Regent's Park landlord charged that Spencer had paid half a month's rent on a flat and then failed to come up with the other half. When the case came to court Spencer explained that he had merely gone apartment hunting, or flat hunting, on behalf of his fiancée and two friends. The flat was to be for them, but they had no money, so he paid the first fortnight's rent. Nobody paid the rest. "I am not responsible for three grown people, even though I am going to marry one of them," Spencer said. The presiding magistrate said he thought the behavior of all parties concerned had been disreputable, but he did dismiss the charges.

"Some people hit a little white ball around in the green grass and call that enjoying—I call that a waste of time," says **Mira Slovak**, who is recuperating from a sailplane accident, and in the process wasting more than his usual bit of time. "Chess may be the best sport for me since my crackup," said the hydroplane driver and pilot, adding—more characteristically—"people who lead normal lives think I'm an idiot, but I'm the guy who is right when I'm flying upside down. They must look back with only desires to have done certain things. I have done them! And I use common sense. If I know I'm going to get killed doing something, I won't touch it." There is no denying the common sense of that.



1969 Buick Skylark.



No wonder Buick owners keep selling Buicks for us.

The 1969 Buick Skylark.

If you're after good looks, just look. Then just listen.

Listen to a Buick owner boast about the way his Skylark takes the bumps out of a rough road or the knots out of a winding one without scrimping a bit on interior roominess or riding comfort.

You'll hear that a responsive 350 cubic inch V8 is standard on the Skylark Custom series and available on all other Skylark models.

And you'll marvel at the way Skylark's new colors, new interiors and new, longer list of available options and accessories will enable you to give your 1969 Skylark a look and feel that's all its own.

You'll listen to confident talk, too. About an impressive list of GM safety features like new front-seat head restraints, passenger guard door locks and much, much more.

Just listen to that Skylark owner. Then start talking yourself. To your Buick dealer. About your own 1969 Buick Skylark.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



The North Sea was never like this



For more than 20 years—ever since it got mustered out of the Navy at the end of World War II—the toggled duffle coat has been a country and campus favorite. The original duffle was designed for British officers as a watch coat on North Sea patrols and named after the rough, coarse fabric from which it was made, a fabric that originated in Duffel, Belgium in the 17th century.

But this fall things have happened to the duffle that would leave a U-boat skipper clutching at his periscope. Don Simonelli, designer for Modelia, got the idea of styling up the coat after seeing a friend wear his old school duffle all over New York, and now Modelia is making duffles in all sorts of colors and fabrics, with fur-lined hoods and even with rhinestone toggles. To Modelia's surprise, 3,400 styled-up duffle coats already have been sold. Women find them the perfect answer to what goes best over the season's popular pants outfits for day and evening sporting events.

Shirleen Tucker (*left*), talking with Phil Jackson and Walt Frazier of the New York Knicks, wears a melton duffle coat with those rhinestone toggles ($160, Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh). Ann Turkel's duffle (*above left*) is of gray wool lined with raccoon ($250, Lord & Taylor, New York). For a Wednesday night fight at the Garden's Felt Forum, Babette Russell, with Jean-Pierre Durante, wears a white wool coachman's cloth duffle with silk toggles and a fox-bordered hood ($200, Hutzler's, Baltimore) and Ann Turkel one of rust-colored mohair and wool, toggled in suede ($160, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York).

Duffle coats are obviously the answer for girls; for news on how men will wrap up this season, turn the page.

—Julie Campbell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE

Fur coats for frigid days in Green Bay

Everyone laughed when Joe Namath modeled a $5,000 mink coat in Shea Stadium last August, but take a look at this gang in little old Green Bay, home of the coldest established permanent floating football game in the world. Everyone from the mayor to the president of the Packers is wrapped in fur—and not just football's traditional raccoon. Russian marmot, Chinese jackal, Norwegian hair seal and other exotica are selling like turtlenecks and the men's fur-coat business has doubled in a year. Sheryll-Allen, designers of furs exclusively for men, sold its entire year's projected production of coats in six months. And while Namath's mink and such rarities as Coopchik-Forrest's one-of-a-kind $15,000 sea otter are for out-and-out hedonists, there are many furs—such as rabbit, marmot and guanaco—that cost no more than half a dozen season tickets to Packer home games. One of the big innovations in men's furs is stenciling, which gives comparatively inexpensive skins more zip. "Fur for men is not really new," says Furrier Kenneth Wagner. "It's only within the past 100 years that women have taken the fur coat away from men. This year men are taking it back on their own terms—handsome, rugged and masculine." Once, every change in men's fashion was greeted with a groan by the victims. Now, anything goes.

—RUTH LIEDER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GOMEL



MAYOR Don Tilleman is well prepared to greet football fans at the Green Bay railroad station. His double-breasted coat by Arthur Phaff ($550) is Russian marmot, stenciled in a herringbone pattern.



DEFENSIVE BACK Doug Hart feeds his wife Marilyn at a tail-gate picnic, wearing a jackal coat by Georges Kaplan ($595) and a raccoon hat from Hat Corp. Marilyn's raccoon coat ($410) is by Mallory

PACKER PRESIDENT Dominic Olejniczak (*right*) wears a natural sheared sea otter ($3,750), and Jerry Atkinson, on the Packers' board of directors, a South West African fur seal ($1,250) by Ben Kahn





OFFENSIVE GUARD Jerry Kramer, in a short double-breasted stadium coat of Norwegian hair seal with a big shawl collar by Allen Case ($1,000), talks to a teammate at a windy Packer Backer picnic



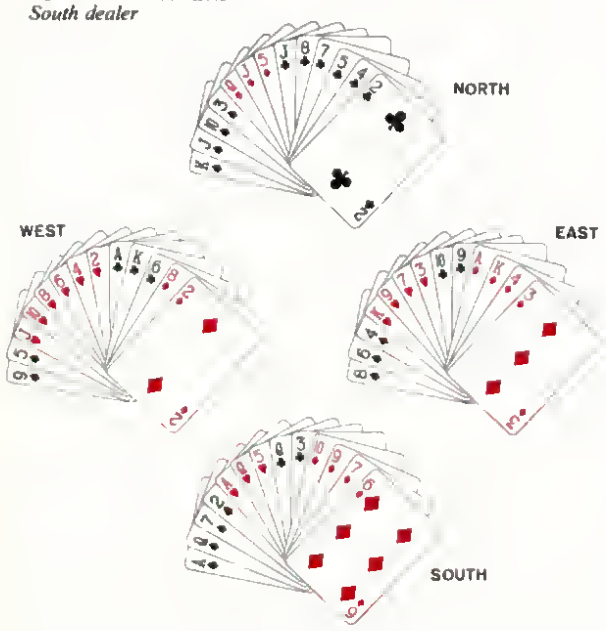
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Giorgio blew it—and that's news

Who is the best player in the world? is a question that people never tire of asking me. In the past it was easy for me to answer, "A beautiful woman," referring, of course, to my favorite partner, Helen Sobel (now Helen Smith). Although Helen rarely plays nowadays, I still make the same answer. But when I say it now I say it in Italian—Belladonna. If Giorgio Belladonna isn't today's best player he comes close enough so that nobody can give me any serious argument.

Some will propose Giorgio's teammate Pietro Forquet, long a virtually errorless machine. Others will nominate Forquet's partner, Benito Garozzo, whose brilliance sometimes overshadows Pietro's vaunted precision. But the biggest point winner for Italy is the dashing, daring Giorgio, who often sticks out his neck but somehow still manages to retain his head and also land on his feet, if you don't mind my hashing up some images. He so rarely makes a mistake and so often has his stratagems acclaimed that he never minds when someone tells about one that went wrong. At last year's European Championships, in a match on Bridge-O-Rama between Italy and Germany, it was eagle-eyed analyst Terence Reese who caught Giorgio dozing. As Reese pointed out, the great defensive play Belladonna failed to make would have given the opponents a trick. But it would also have set the contract.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	2♥	3♠	4♥
PASS	PASS	4♠	(ALL PASS)

Opening lead: 6 of hearts

The contract of four spades was reached at both tables. The defenders could have taken four top tricks in the minors plus a diamond ruff, but the heart opening gave both declarers the chance to discard two diamonds from dummy. When Giuseppe Messina was playing South for Italy he took the ace and queen of hearts, pitching diamonds, and continued by leading a diamond. East won and returned a heart to shorten dummy's trumps, leaving declarer no chance to establish and use dummy's clubs for discards, since West could force dummy again later by returning a diamond. Nor could South ruff all of his remaining diamonds without setting up a trump trick for the defense, so he eventually went down one.

At the other table, where Belladonna was West and Renato Mondolfo was East, the declarer, Fritz Chodziesner of Germany, won two hearts, discarding two diamonds, and then played the queen of clubs at the third trick. Belladonna won and led a diamond to East's king. East's heart return forced dummy to ruff. With the lead in dummy, this was the situation:

NORTH	WEST	EAST	SOUTH
♠ K J 10	♠ 9 5	♠ 8 6 4	♠ A Q 7 2
♥ —	♥ J 8 6	♥ 3	♥ —
♦ —	♦ 2	♦ A 4 3	♦ 10 9 7
♣ J 8 7 5 4	♣ A 6	♣ 10	♣ 3

A low club was led, and East's 10 was high. Belladonna studied for some time before letting the 10 of clubs hold, but when he did the defense was helpless. East tried to kill dummy's clubs by leading the ace of diamonds and forcing dummy's ruff, but this didn't help. South was able to draw trumps and his two remaining diamonds were high.

Commentator Reese pointed out that what Belladonna was thinking about—overtaking partner's 10 of clubs with the ace in order to lead a diamond—would have sparked the winning defense. Dummy would be forced to ruff. Declarer would then lead dummy's good jack of clubs, and East would have to cooperate in the defense by refusing to ruff. Otherwise, declarer could overruff and draw the remaining trumps, ending in dummy.

The free diamond discard would not be enough to help South. If he next drew trumps he would lose a diamond trick in the end. And if he tried to negotiate a diamond ruff, the need to lead clubs twice more from dummy, combined with the presence of the nine of spades in the West hand, would cost him a trump trick. What a great defense that would have been! But it isn't news when Belladonna makes such plays; it's news when he doesn't. END



Until today you had to sacrifice comfort if you wanted a sporty road car.

Now yau na langer have ta sit in a cramped cackpit if you wont sporty action. Marauder X-100 perfarms ond handles like a sparty raad car ond is designed like a luxury car. It's one of the mast exciting cars we've ever made. Whot gaes in it is abaut as exciting as whot comes out. Standard equipment far this six passenger car includes 429 cu. in., 4-barrel V-8. Select-Shift autamatic tronsmissian. Styled aluminum wheels. Race-type steering wheel. Rim-blaw harn (just press the inside af the steering wheel). Cancealed headlomps. Fender skirts. Chaice af bench, Twin Camfart or bucket seats. Simulated waodgrain appliqué on instrument panel and doar panels. Calar-keyed two-tane finish in a wide choice of calor combinotions. The Marauder X-100 is alsa avoiloble in a big selection of solid calars.

Lincoln-Mercury leads the way with the new MARAUDER X-100.

LINCOLN·MERCURY

Ford



Great Shape!

The focus for fall is on the toe: the new shape for the new shape in suits. And on the new shade, Roman Gold. Great shape. Great shade. Great value. Most styles, $16 to $20. INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Put your foot down for **RAND.**

A rich man is odd man out

John Mecom Jr., owner of the New Orleans Saints, has everything he wants except favor among the NFL inner circle and a winning team

There could hardly be any argument that John Mecom Jr. is better off than most. He is young, handsome as a singing cowboy, owns more racing cars than the ordinary man owns neckties, has a lovely wife and family, a large home in Houston, a ranch on the Mexican border stocked with eland and other exotic creatures and he has his personal professional football team to play with. What would you give this man for Christmas—a hotel? Forget it, he's got a few.

One thing Mecom does not have is acceptance into the inner circle of National Football League club owners and executives. He is allowed to attend their meetings if he pleases, a privilege he earned by paying $8.5 million for a franchise that went into business last season in New Orleans. You may notice him standing in the lobby of the Gotham or the Waldorf in New York, chatting with Art Modell of Cleveland or Tex Schramm of Dallas. But they are probably talking business. Despite the success of the Saints at the gate—and their relative success on the field—Mecom is still treated like a new boy at a prep school.

It is not simply that Mecom is recently arrived in the game. For several years he was spoken of as a potential franchise holder. If the conflict with the AFL had continued and the NFL had ever decided to expand into Houston, Mecom would most likely have been selected as the representative to stand up against Bud Adams and the Oilers. That was when Mecom seemed to be highly favored in Pete Rozelle's court.

In those days Mecom, Bedford Wynne and George Owen were a threesome at NFL gatherings, where their hands could be seen grabbing checks, massaging shoulders, snapping lighters to others' cigarettes. Owen, once a partner with Wynne and Mickey Mantle in a Dallas nightclub, was a smooth and likable front man for Mecom. Wynne, an attorney and one of the original minority owners of the Dallas Cowboys, had the connections to open doors that would have remained closed had the only calling card been Mecom's financial statement. It may never be known how much money Mecom spent to buy a seat at the club-owners' table, but it was considerable, just as was Wynne's influence.

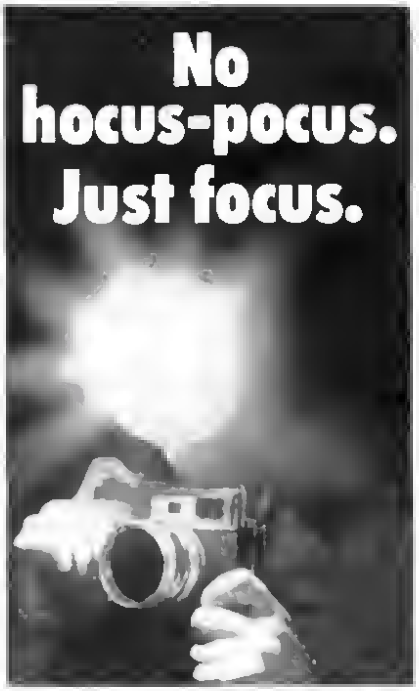
When Mecom finally was voted his franchise, he set up a committee to run the operation. The members of the committee were Mecom, Wynne and Larry Karl, former assistant general manager of the Cowboys. The committee did not last through the Saints' first training camp. Mecom began to complain about the bills that were flooding in, including such items as a $50,000 bonus to a punter, Tennessee's Ron Widby, who was cut and eventually picked up by Dallas, where he is now one of the best in the league. After a disagreement with Tom Fears, the coach, Wynne left the training camp and the Saints organization. A couple of months later Karl followed. To replace them, in came Bert Rose as general manager at Rozelle's request, according to Mecom. Rose had worked for Rozelle when the NFL commissioner was general manager of the Rams and had himself been the first general manager of the Minnesota Vikings.

Rose started looking for places to trim the New Orleans budget. He decided he could do without several employees, one of whom was George Owen, who was by then on the Saints' payroll as director of player relations. Mecom decided he would rather do without Rose. Rose was fired and has since moved to Philadelphia, which has become pro football's Siberia.

continued



DURING GAMES OWNER MECOM (RIGHT) SITS ON THE BENCH LIKE ONE OF THE BOYS



Go ahead. Take a shot in the dark. With the Minolta Hi-matic 9's unique "Easy Flash", you can't miss!

Forget about guesstimates on distance (who carries a tape measure?) and the hurried mental calculating other cameras force on you.

With "Easy Flash" all you do is set the flash bulb guide number . . . then focus and shoot. It's as easy as that!

Fact is, "Easy Flash" does for flash photos what the automatic transmission did for cars. And only Minolta has "Easy Flash".

Another unique advantage is the Hi-matic's "triple-play" operation—your choice of fully automatic, semi-automatic or manual exposure control.

With a razor-sharp Rokkor f/1.7 lens, electric eye and many other features, the Minolta Hi-matic 9 is less than $110 plus case. At your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003.

40 Minolta Anniversary



Minolta
Hi-matic 9

Former Chief Scout Vic Schwenk, who does not get along especially well with Fears, replaced Rose last March. One problem he has had to deal with was the trade Mecom made for Dave Parks, a fine receiver who had played out his option at San Francisco. When the Saints and 49ers could not agree on proper remuneration for Parks, the matter was turned over to Rozelle. The commissioner ordered New Orleans to give up top 1968 draft choice Kevin Hardy plus the No. 1 draft choice for 1969. There were screams that Rozelle was punishing Mecom for the treatment of Wynne, Rose and Karl. However, a player of Parks's quality is worth quite a price, and the Saints paid it.

Mecom's punishment has been more in the nature of exclusion, sometimes subtle, sometimes not. One NFL owner had been particularly chummy with Owen and Mecom. Suddenly he stopped calling. "When we played them, I saw him on the field before the game and asked what was wrong," Owen says. "He turned around and said, 'George, from now on our relationship is strictly business.' The only owner who invited us out to dinner this year was Bill Ford at Detroit."

Although he would prefer to be liked by the NFL's inner circle, Mecom no doubt will be able to struggle through life somehow and keep having fun. He has built excellent practice quarters for his Saints out near the New Orleans airport. The executive offices are downtown at Lee Circle in a three-story brown building with two floors of black iron-lace balconies. The building is next door to another building, which is covered with ivy except for the doors, windows and turrets. A sign in front of that building says: U.S. OIL OF LOUISIANA, INC. That is another Mecom company, and the two buildings are connected by passageways.

Like Ford, his recent dinner companion, who has installed a direct wire from the owner's box to the bench, Mecom enjoys staying close to the game, sometimes so close that Fears finds himself giving instructions to his owner instead of his quarterback. Mecom, who has lost 40 pounds through hypnosis, a state that he can induce himself by snapping his fingers, works out with his players and is occasionally mistaken for one. When several football players were summoned last summer to test the synthetic grass in Houston's Astrodome for publicity purposes, it was Mecom who ran out for a few passes and pronounced



FULLBACK DON McCALL IS THE SAINTS' STRONGEST RUNNER, BUT HE COULD USE HELP

the surface suitable. He has the role of third-string quarterback in the new Charlton Heston movie, *The Pro*.

Fears cannot be expected to shiver with delight over watching the owner romp around with the players, but, of course, he keeps fairly quiet about it. He has enough difficulties trying to turn an expansion team into a contender. The team has a good record, considering its newness, winning three games last season and winning three and tying one so far this year. Lately, Fears has had to work without a healthy quarterback, other than the No. 3 man, rookie Ronnie South.

Last year the Saints seemed reasonably set at quarterback with Gary Cuozzo, Bill Kilmer and Gary Wood. But Cuozzo demanded that he be given the starting job or be traded (he was traded). Wood was shipped back to New York. Now Kilmer is playing on a fractured ankle, and his sub, Karl Sweetan, has a sprained ankle. Both have understandable trouble throwing the ball to Parks and the Saints' other outstanding receiver, Dan Abramowicz.

Abramowicz has been a stunning surprise. A 17th-round draft choice for the 1967 season, he was not expected to make the team. Before one preseason road trip he asked Owen at what hour the plane would leave. "You'll probably be cut before then," Owen said bluntly. "So what will happen if you cut me and I won't go away?" countered Abramowicz. He wound up leading the team with 50 receptions and is leading again this year with 44. "He catches the ball on his knees, behind his back, any place," Kilmer says. The offense is also helped by Fullback Don McCall, who has gained 530 yards.

The New Orleans defensive unit insists its 38-year-old left end, Doug Atkins, now out with a knee injury, should be All-League Safetyman Dave Whitsell, like Atkins a veteran of the Chicago Bears, tied for the NFL lead in interceptions last year and has five so far this season.

But where the Saints have most impressed the NFL has been at the ticket windows. In their first season the Saints drew an average of more than 75,000 fans to Tulane Stadium, site of the Sugar Bowl. That average is holding up again this year, even though it has rained on four of the six home-game days. And what exuberant fans they are. Last year's Dallas game was delayed more than 10 minutes because of the noise the crowd made demonstrating against an official's call.

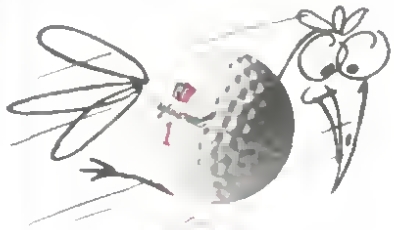
"It sounded like we were inside a washing machine," says Dallas' Pete Gent. Against Chicago last week, with Mecom pacing the sideline and Owen marching about with a clipboard, looking more like a coach than some of the coaches, 78,225 people turned out despite early rain and late fog to watch the Saints lose.

But football is not the only reason the fans show up. During his brief stay in office Rose hired Tommy Walker from Disneyland to think up the halftime shows. Walker, who produced the first Super Bowl's $40,000 halftime spectacular, once had a figure of Mary Poppins float into the stands and dump free tickets. He is very big on balloons and pigeons. "I feel this need to have a lot of pigeons," Walker says. "A lady came up to me the other day and wanted to know how I get all those pigeons back into their cages on Sunday night."

Walker should have told her not to worry. The boss can afford a new flock every week. What he really needs is more football players. END



COACH FEARS GAVE KILMER HIS CHANCE



PG

tournament-caliber



golf balls



really fly

Smack one. That satisfying click says distance loud and clear. PG balls fly and putt true. Stay round and lively. Play to win. C'mon next time out, tuck three "birds" in your bag.

1. PG *Professional* Ball. Meets U.S.G.A. specifications. Choice of 90 or 100 compression. Liquid center. $1.25
2. PG *Deane Beman* Ball. Medium compression. Liquid center. $1.00
3. PG *Cutlass* Ball. Solid one piece. Almost impossible to cut or knock out of shape. 75¢

PG BALLS MAKE IDEAL GIFTS

Give a 3 ball pack, a 12 ball carton, a spring top travel case packed with 12 PG *Professional* balls or a bag shaped bottle carefully with 12 PG *Jimmy Demaret* balls inside.



PG

Professional

GOLF EQUIPMENT

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS • ACCESSORIES

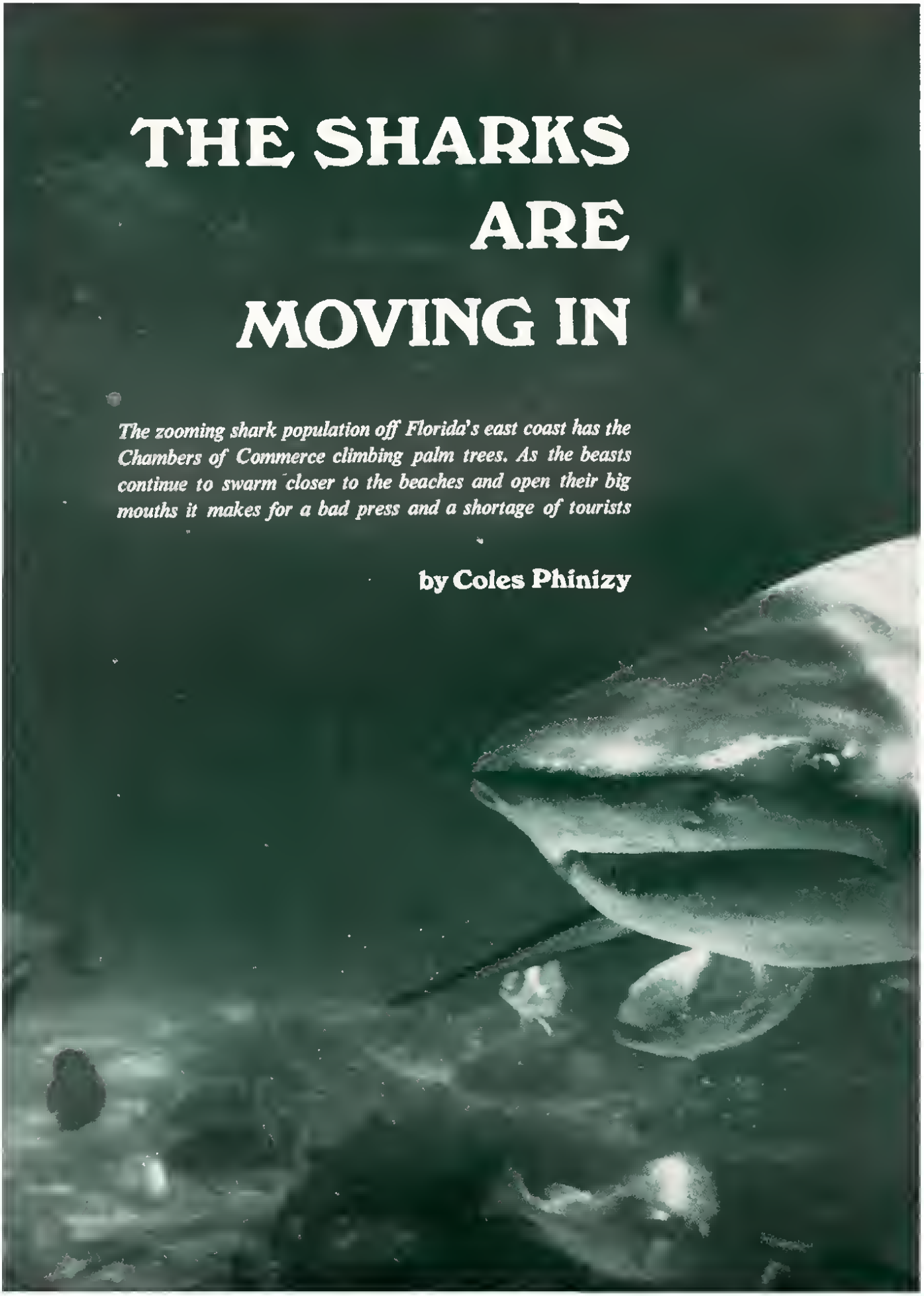
Sold only in sporting goods, golf and department stores

Professional Golf Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE SHARKS ARE MOVING IN

The zooming shark population off Florida's east coast has the Chambers of Commerce climbing palm trees. As the beasts continue to swarm closer to the beaches and open their big mouths it makes for a bad press and a shortage of tourists

by Coles Phinizy





CONTINUED

While fishing for red snapper on a bright, calm day last fall, Johnny Silva, a commercial angler of Fort Pierce, Fla., hooked into a pesky 10-foot nurse shark. As Silva was leaning over the side of his boat trying to haul the lummox out of the water, his left hand slipped and the shark seized it. Although a good bit is known today about sharks, no one can surely say what any one of them will do in a given situation. Rather than biting down hard on Johnny Silva's hand as a nurse shark would customarily do on such a soft morsel, this shark merely held Silva's hand firmly in its mouth, sucking on it lovingly as a child is wont to do with a lollipop. Whenever Silva tried to withdraw his hand, the shark would roll an eye at him and increase the pressure of its jaws. "Each time it clamped down hard," Silva relates, "it felt like a 300-pound man was standing on my hand wearing golf shoes. After 20 minutes trying to get it back, I began wondering what sort of work I could take up as a one-armed man."

Luckily two rival fishermen out of Vero Beach happened by and shouted across the water to ask Silva if he were in trouble. "If a shark swallowing your hand is a problem," Silva shouted back, "then I've got a problem." Like most commercial fishermen of the area, the Vero Beach anglers had a gun aboard a .38 magnum revolver—explicitly for killing sharks. The simplest way to kill a shark is to put as many shots as necessary into its small brain, but the Vero Beach men realized that, in this case, any magnum slug fired into the shark's brain would also pass through Silva's hand. As a desperate alternative, Silva suggested that his rescuers fire into the shark's rearmost gill slit, on the theory that such a cruel surprise just might make the beast open its mouth. The Vero Beach men did as Silva suggested. The shark opened its mouth. Silva quickly pulled out his hand, which was lightly damaged but had all fingers still functioning.

While Johnny Silva probably is the only man who has had any shark hold his hand in such an intimate manner for 20 minutes, on the east coast of Florida in the past few years a number of people, both residents and paying guests, have had more contact with sharks than they care for. From Vero Beach south to Fort Lauderdale, on docks and in bars and in the privacy of their shanties and palaces all manner of fishermen are objecting to the depredations of the shark. The gill-netter lays his net in the shallows half a mile offshore, hoping for Spanish mackerel. A gang of sharks slams into the net and in a trice a thousand pounds of fish are gone and so is a good bit of the net. The scuba diver spearing fish for pleasure or profit on the second reef beyond the 10-fathom line finds the big hammerhead and tiger shark frequently about him, swiping his catch, nudging him and butting the wind out of him. Waving both his good hands, Johnny Silva, the near-victim of the nurse shark, complains, "You find a good snapper hole, and when you get the first fish on you feel the line go down, down, down. A shark has the fish, and you might as well move on, because you won't get another snapper there."

A charter-boat man, Bud Partin, reports, "We had a beautiful, big bull dolphin on. Then came the shark. We brought in little more than the dolphin head. It weighed 29 pounds." In similar fashion the commercial trollers complain that too often now the shark is taking the kingfish (worth 30¢ a pound) off their hooks, leaving them only worthless heads. In the Palm Beach area, where billfishing is a way of life, when a gallant sailfish is brought to boat, customarily it is revived and released so it might live to fight another day. But now, too often, the shark is there, waiting for the half-exhausted prize. Frank Ardine, the grand master of the charter skippers in the Palm Beach area, insists that 10 years ago his fishing parties rarely lost more than one sailfish a month to sharks. Today, although his clients are bringing only half as many sailfish to boat, the sharks are getting six a month.

Too often today the shark is right off the beach among the bathers—jostling, bullying and occasionally biting some luckless soul. Because a shark doesn't always know its own mind is no reason for a bather to be scatterbrained. If fins are showing, a swimmer should remain beached. If he is already in the water he should head for shore, making as little disturbance as possible. A hotel waitress (whom we shall call Janice Anonymous so that she does not lose her job) says bluntly, "I saw fins in the surf right from the hotel. I have not been in the water for a week."

Her mother, Rachel Anonymous, who works at a beachfront snack shop, says, "I saw three fins. The lifeguard said they were porpoises, but no porpoise swims like a shark." Of all the people from all walks of life who are up against the shark on Florida's east coast, the commercial fishermen are probably getting the worst of it, economically speaking. However, the surfer, the latest breed of water lover to proliferate in Florida, should have the most concern for the future. He is the tantalizing new intruder in the shark's world. The surfer dangles his edible appendages in the roiled water of the break in a tempting way. Already he is being bitten occasionally and too often is getting the bum's rush. Heaven help him if any number of sharks ever find out that he is indeed an easy mark.

Since tourism is a considerable part of the Florida east coast's prosperity, the shark today is affecting the livelihood of many people who seldom, if ever, go fishing, bathing, diving or surfing. Each time he opens his big mouth, the shark, in effect, is giving the area a bad press. As a consequence, opinion in the area is divided as to what should be done. There are those who believe action should be taken now, even if the consequent publicity affects the tourist trade. At the other extreme, there are many who insist that the shark problem has already been exaggerated and the less action taken—the less done to attract attention—the less everyone will suffer.

Three years ago, addressing the annual convention of the Underwater Society of America, Dr. Donald de Sylva of Miami's Institute of Marine Science warned that the growing shark threat

in southern Florida should no longer be swept under the rug. It is human nature, of course, to ignore local prophets, particularly one preaching the painful truth. Dr de Sylva's counsel was largely disregarded until last April, when a small pack of sharks drove the point home. On April 20th, while 10-year-old Steven Samples was swimming in 5½ feet of water 25 feet off Palm Beach Shores, he was attacked by at least three sharks. He almost lost an arm and a leg and was bitten savagely also in the buttocks and back. In his medical report the surgeon who sewed young Samples back together said, "Literally hundreds and hundreds of sutures were utilized." Since Samples was the third person to be seriously attacked in a half-mile stretch of beach in six months, a portion of the citizenry was aroused.

Two weeks after the Samples attack a panel of shark experts met in Palm Beach at the invitation of Congressman Paul Rogers, who represents a large stretch of the affected waterfront. At the meeting there were not only local prophets of merit such as Dr. de Sylva but outsiders even more experienced, notably Captain David Baldridge of the U.S. Navy, Dr Perry Gilbert, chairman of the national shark panel, and Stewart Springer, who is the sharkiest man in the U.S. Bureau of Commercial Fisheries. These experts recommended—with no dissent among them—that the Florida east coast communities should encourage fishing for sharks specifically commercial fishing—to reduce the hazard and depredation. It was the explicit opinion of Stewart Springer that, by fishing for sharks, a sports group called the Palm Beach Sharkers, headed by a meticulous local naturalist, Morris Vorenberg, had been giving the area about $100,000 worth of free protection a year.



Ready to head for port, Les Rayen surveys a good day's catch—a ton and a half were tigers.

Short of getting direct word from God, the local governments in the area had received about the best advice possible. Most of them straightway proceeded to do almost nothing. Indeed, a few seemed to lean over backward to see that nothing was done. Heeding the advice of the experts, in two nights of fishing half a dozen anglers pulled 50 sharks out of the surf off Riviera Beach, just north of where Steven Samples was nearly killed. The following morning Riviera Beach was posted "No fishing."

Such nitty-witty attempts to shy away from the problem are not new on the Florida east coast. For the past seven years the resort community of Fort Lauderdale By The Sea has had an ordinance that reads "WHEREAS, fishing for, exhibition of, or landing of sharks, barracuda or sting ray on the beaches of the Town of Fort Lauderdale By The Sea or the ocean waterways abutting said beaches is deterrent to enjoyment of said beaches by the tourists, visitors and residents alike, and conveys the impression that said beaches are shark infested. . . . It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to fish for shark, barracuda or sting ray, or exhibit shark, barracuda or sting

continued

ray, or land shark, barracuda or sting ray on the beaches of the Town of Fort Lauderdale By The Sea."

Also heeding the advice of the experts, the Buccaneer Yacht Club of Palm Beach Shores, the North Palm Beach Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Lake Worth Junior Chamber of Commerce held shark tournaments, on the theory that such affairs would get rid of some sharks and, more important, keep the public aware of the problem until some government—county, state or federal—took stronger action. The Jaycees' effort was deplored on television by Paul Thompson, the executive director of the Palm Beach County Development Board. "I think that the tournament was well intentioned," Thompson told TV viewers, "but I don't believe that we should hang our dirty linen out in the national front street."

A committee was organized in the Palm Beach area to try to get a commercial shark industry established. The committee got nowhere. Today, oozing displeasure at the reluctance of local governments and industry to collaborate, John Rybovich, the noted West Palm Beach boatbuilder who headed the committee, says, "The attitude of most people in the tourist industry is to whitewash the situation. The only thing that would be convincing now is for someone to get killed."



Half a mile offshore Raven's mate baits 100 hooks with fish and puts them over the side

Because shark liver was found to be virtually a mother lode of vitamin A, back in the 1930s and '40s a shark-fishing industry prospered at Salerno on the Florida east coast. Although the vitamin content varied greatly even from one liver to another from the same shark species, in most livers it far exceeded the potency of the sticky, icky cod-liver oil that children gagged down. Most shark-liver oil was used to fortify poultry feed, but a good bit was marketed in capsules for humans. In its best 10 years, the Salerno operation took more than 100,000 sharks from Florida east coast waters. In 1950, after means were found to synthesize vitamin A cheaply, the Salerno operation closed—at just about the time, ironically, that the boating boom began and many Americans were taking up water-skiing, spearfishing and other sports that carried them farther into the shark's realm.

Anglers who have been working Florida waters for 20 years or more fairly well agree that, after the Salerno operation stopped, the depredations of sharks progressively increased. If local government and industry of the area seem reluctant to act on such evidence and on the advice of experts—it is in the main because they do not know enough about the shark to realize that he is an exceptional opponent. In wars against other predators—bug or bird or beast—human experts usually in time can find a weakness in the rival and hit it hard. Such a weakness perhaps will be found in the shark, but it will take some doing. We humans are complicated fly-by-nights who were born yesterday and very likely will be gone early tomorrow. Enchanted by our own brief appearance on the stage, we fail to appreciate the convincing talents of a durable performer like the shark—an

continued

Seagram's V.O. at Christmas. It's a tradition, not just a gesture.



Canadian Whisky—A blend of selected whiskies. Six years old. 86.8 proof. Seagram Distillers Company, N.Y.C. Gift-wrapped at no extra charge.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB

For 'bird' watchers: The-Men's-Store spies the rarest of all double-breasted blazers.

Know what makes a double-breasted blazer rare? Simple.
Being able to wear it all year 'round. Comfortably.
Like our "Seasons Four" species.
We start by making it in a rare hopsack blend of 55% Dacron* polyester/45% worsted wool. Which means if you want to, you can wear it 12 months a year.
And then we style it so you'll want to.
With deep side vents, brushed metal buttons, set-in pockets, and flushed-out colors like coral brown, navy, brass, green and medium blue.
Perfect for bird watching. And even better for getting them to watch you.
Incidentally, we haven't forgotten about the single-breasted lovers of the world. If that's you, you'll find a "Seasons Four" three-button traditional version with hook center vent and patch pockets.
Everything else is the same including fabric, colors, buttons and the price.
Under $55.
Coordinate your choice with solid or patterned slacks from The-Men's-Store, under $16. And charge them all on Sears Revolving Charge—at any of over 2,500 Sears, Roebuck and Co. locations.



There's a new look at

Sears The·Men's·Store

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

ACCESSORIES FROM SEARS, THE MEN'S-STORE





Squirt 'n whiskey (a ball!)



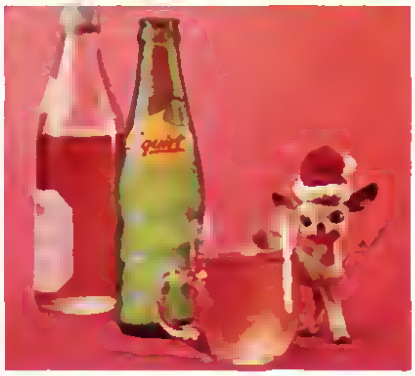
Squirt 'n vodka (a screwball!)



Squirt 'n rum (smooth wassailing!)



Squirt 'n gin (oh what fun it is!)



Squirt 'n wine (punch with *punch*!)





A Sweet-tart of a mixer

Thia little deer stands 16" tall, is soft and cuddly and a lot of fun to have around. Get one . . . or a whole sleigh team. $3.00 each. Details are in each six-pack of Squirt.

Copyright 1968 The Squirt Company

ancient simpleton of slick modern design. Though blessed with little brains, the shark was programmed to endure, come what might. Since he has never been much of a specialist, his range cannot be destroyed. It is almost impossible to starve him out, for he is very catholic in his tastes—in a pinch, any flesh will do. Off the Florida coast, when there are freakish upwellings of cold water, bony fishes die by the thousands, but not the shark. He profits from the loss.

When too much sweet water spills into the sea from Florida's drainage system, frequently the balance of nature is upset, and, again, the shark usually profits. Experts who have examined the nervous systems of various species to try to understand their ways have found that the shark is not wired up, so to speak, like other fish. To judge by countless instances of kooky behavior, the brain of a shark does not always seem to know, or care, what its mouth or its stomach is up to. There are instances of sharks taking a second hook after they had been caught and gutted and thrown back into the sea presumably dead. One lemon shark in Florida, after being skinned and thrown back as dead, swam away and was caught by another angler.

When the Salerno fishery killed off 100,000 sharks two decades ago, it was actually ridding the area of at least half again that number. A fair part of any large shark catch consists of females bearing young that at birth are thick-skinned, sharp-toothed and ready to make their way. A few cold, biological facts about the sand-tiger shark, a ragged-tooth species that preys on game fish in the shallows, should convince any doubter that, even before birth, that species, at least, has more *sang froid* than the late John Dillinger. Although a female sand tiger produces a good number of eggs that hatch internally in a dual uterine system, so far as is known she never litters more than two offspring. The first shark pup hatched in each uterus eats all his younger brothers and sisters, and then, when there is nothing left to nibble on except mother, he heads

continued



1. Cut this out and burn it.
2. Now tell us it's the first cigarette you've lit in a year.

If you haven't smoked a cigarette in at least a year (or ever), you may be eligible for reduced rates on new life and disability income insurance under State Mutual's non-cigarette smoker plans. It's an idea we pioneered four years ago, and it has really caught on. You see, we're convinced that people who don't smoke cigarettes are better risks than people who do. And better risks deserve better rates. For more information, see your State Mutual agent, or write for our free folder.

SMA

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA, Worcester, Mass. 01605. Founded 1844. Life / Health / Group / Annuities

A MEMBER OF The America Group

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • WORCESTER MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • GUARANTEE MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • CITIZENS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN VARIABLE ANNUITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY • BEACON MUTUAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • AMERICAN SELECT RISK INSURANCE COMPANY

Fond of things Italiano? Try these new recipes from Galliano.

New and ultra-sophisticated Galliano recipes to add to your collection. Each one a prize-winner. But you'd expect that from *any* mixed drink made with Galliano. The fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America. Let a Galliano cocktail win *you* over. Perhaps tonight?

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL
(Prize Winning Recipe—Nassau Beach Hotel Competition, Bahamas)
1 oz Galliano
1 oz Light Rum
¼ oz Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz Pineapple Juice
½ oz White of Egg
¼ oz Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit





ITALIAN STINGER
1¼ oz Galliano
1 oz White Creme de Menthe
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass

JUMP UP AND KISS ME
(Specialty of Buccaneer Hotel, St. Croix, V.I.)
1 oz Galliano
1 oz Pineapple Juice
1 oz Barbados Rum
¼ oz Apricot Flavored Brandy
¼ oz Lemon Juice
1 egg white or ½ oz Frothy
Add crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds. Serve in 10 to 12 oz brandy snifter





GALLIANO MIST
Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve

ROMAN COFFEE
(Albino Covello, New Oriental Hotel, Melbourne, Australia)
In each large cup pour 1 oz measure of Galliano, add one teaspoon of sugar, add hot strong black coffee to approximately ½ inch from top of cup, sweeten, then add cream



GALLIANO SCREWDRIVER
(Created by C. Charles Fiore, Boston, Massachusetts)
1 oz Galliano
3 oz Orange Juice
½ tsp Lemon Juice
Pour over ice and stir





YELLOW BIRD
½ jigger Galliano
1 jigger White Rum
½ jigger Triple Sec
Juice of 1 lime
Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into stemmed glass with 1 lime slice as garnish

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKLIOCO, 1968

out into the world. Stewart Springer, one of the experts on the emergency panel held in Palm Beach, worked at the old Salerno shark fishery as a manager, experimenter and troubleshooter. Although sand-tiger pups usually do not emerge from their mothers until they are more than three feet in length, while Springer was reaching into the oviduct of a sand tiger in the course of research one day he was bitten by an unborn sand tiger only nine inches long.

While Palm Beach County, the most prosperous section of the coast, is doing little about the problem, in the waters farther north, around Fort Pierce, pressure is once again being put on the shark. Although the liver is no longer marketable, the shark is being hunted profitably to satisfy the peculiar demands of three rather disparate cultures: Texans, south central Europeans and Chinese. This winter anyone who dangles a fishing line or a foot unmolested in the waters between Vero Beach and Jupiter Inlet should be grateful that there are smart-dressing Texans who, knowing good leather when they see it, have been insisting for some years that their Sunday best shoes be made out of shark hide. The hides of sharks caught off Florida are now being used to cover the feet of Texans—and an increasing number of other Americans—who want a shoe that is both dressy and almost unscuffable. The meat of Florida sharks is now being shipped frozen in bulk to Europe, where it subsequently shows up on menus under various assumed names. The Chinese have never been able to get enough shark fins for use in soup. Some of the fins taken off Florida sharks travel farther than any other delicacy in the world. All of the Florida fins are shipped to Newark. In Newark some are transshipped 12,000 miles to Hong Kong, where they are processed and shipped back for use in the finest Oriental restaurants in San Francisco and New York.

There is a shark industry in Florida today primarily because, about four years ago, a New Englander named Leslie Rayen and a North Jerseyite named John Dreher quite independently decided to forsake the professions they were

equipped for to make a profit out of sharks. Until 1964, 40-year-old Les Rayen had spent some of his life messing around in boats and a larger part serving in the Army's Special Forces in various tropical and subtropical climes. When he finally left the Army, Rayen found the winters in Massachusetts, his homeland, unbearable. He packed himself and his family off to Florida, entertaining the idea that he could make a good living catching fish—which any Florida commercial fisherman will tell you is almost an impossible dream. On the waterfront, Rayen ran across two Cuban refugees who were supplementing their odd jobs by venturing far offshore in a junky boat to catch sharks, just as they had back home before Castro. The Cubans shipped their shark hides and fins to an outfit called Ocean Leather Corporation in Newark. The Cubans had no idea what became of the hides and fins. They merely knew that, after shipping a certain quantity, in time they received a certain number of *dolares*.

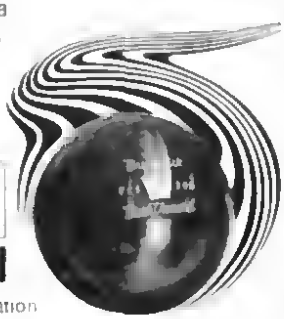
The Ocean Leather Corporation had been muddling along in Newark since the 1920s. Sun-cured shark skin has been used since ancient days as decorative material and as an abrasive, but its value beyond that was almost nil until the original proprietors of Ocean Leather found a way to remove the hard denticles from the hide and render it into a soft, workable leather. Shoes of shark hide were first test-marketed in the Fort Worth area in 1926. For the next 40 years, almost all the shoes, belts and briefcases made of shark hide—about 98% of the total production—were sold in Texas. Fabricators did not bother trying other markets because Ocean Leather could not supply enough leather even to satisfy Texas. Prior to 1964 Ocean Leather was processing about 16,000 shark hides annually—enough to cover the feet of about 35,000 Texans of size 14 or smaller. The supply came in the main from Mexico and Cuba and other countries ringing the Caribbean. Ocean Leather never really had a sure idea when the next bundle of hides would show up from anywhere. It was, in a word, too much of a *que será* operation.

continued

When was the last time you got 6 bowling balls for Christmas?



Six ties? Maybe. Six wallets? Maybe. Six bowling balls? Never. And, oh how your average could use a new one. Old scarface has been in your bag since 1958 (or was it '48?) ☐ This Christmas ask 'em to throw you a ball . . . or a new bag . . . or a new pair of shoes. (Or, just clip this ad and leave it around as a hint to someone.) Brunswick Gift Certificates at Pro Dealers. Tell 'em Brunswick sent you.

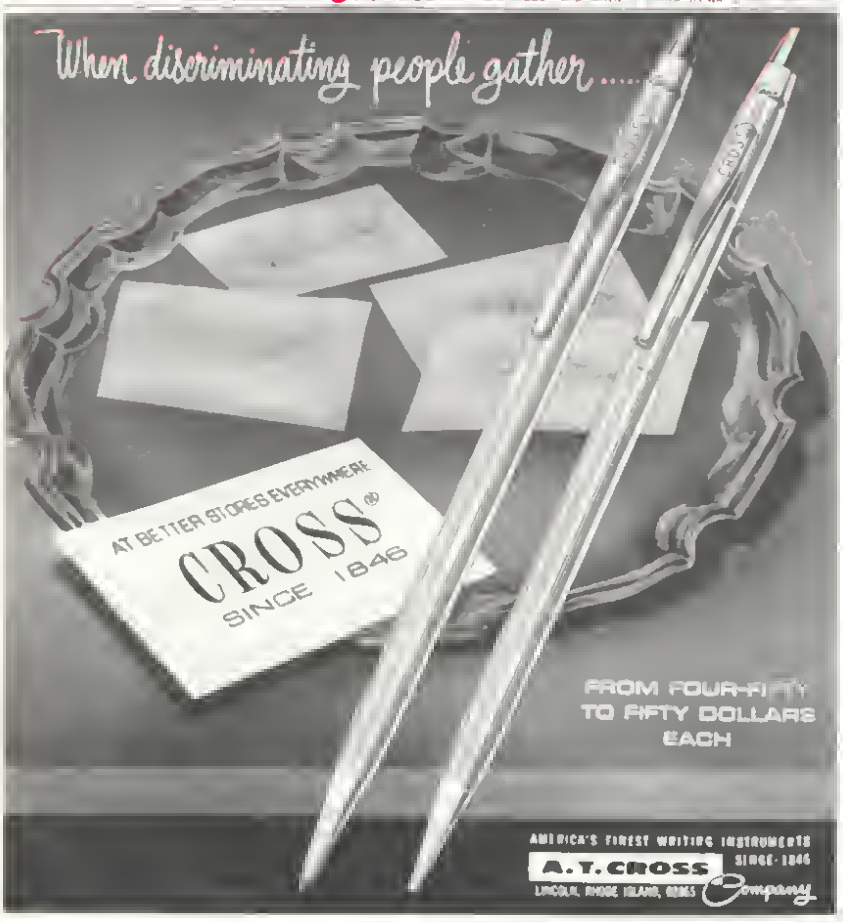


Brunswick
The working ball
Consumer Division / Brunswick Corporation

You can't buy
a better vodka
for love nor rubles.



Gilbey's Vodka



In 1964 the ownership of Ocean Leather changed hands. Armed with a degree in political science that he had recently acquired at Wisconsin, John Dreher, the son of one of the new proprietors, traveled through Mexico and Central America encouraging shark fishing and showing veteran fishermen how to catch more sharks—an enterprise that he found particularly challenging, since, at the outset, he knew almost nothing about it. By picking up know-how in one locale and passing it on to humble fishermen in the next—and more importantly, by simply letting the suppliers get to know their buyer—he worked wonders. Dreher tends to pooh-pooh the effect his junket had on the shark-hide industry, but his opinion can be largely disregarded because he is not only a very modest man but exceptionally cautious in anything he says. (Dreher is the kind of man who, if he had been aboard the Ark with Noah, would have hesitated to say, "It certainly has been raining," for fear of offending someone.) In any case, in the four years since Dreher's odyssey south of the border, shark-hide production has gone up and up. Ocean Leather now processes 65,000 hides a year, and shoe manufacturers such as Nettleton, Florsheim and Allen-Edmonds are now marketing shark-leather shoes not only in Texas but in many big cities across the land. Even with the sharp increase in production, the market is far from becoming saturated.

In order to keep the supply of shark hides coming, Ocean Leather now handles shark meat and fins for its suppliers virtually at cost and sometimes at a loss. It was largely because various components of the shark now have a steady cash value that the transplanted New Englander, Les Rayen, became convinced that shark fishing off Florida might once again be profitable, provided he could put down enough well-baited hooks often enough to catch sharks in quantity.

Today a single tiger shark of fair size, say 12 feet, can bring Rayen more than $30. If it is in perfect condition the hide is worth a base price of $12.50 plus a

continued


QUINTO.
Total up tiles to five in all directions and score
TWIXT.
Link your pegs e twix ' apert with chess-like strategy
STOCKS & BONDS:
Test investment plans and see your fun go up many points
BAZAAR.
Trade your tokens for exotic oriental wares
THINKING MAN'S GOLF:
Break par on 18 world famoue golf holes
MR. PRESIDENT.
Enter the primaries and may the best man win!
PHLOUNDER
Test your crossword spelling speed against your opponent s
WIN, PLACE & SHOW.
Place your bets and go for the daily double.
REGATTA.
Skipper your yacht in shifting winds, around the buoye to victory
ON-WAH-REE.
Capture pits and pebbles like the ancient Pharoehs did.
NIGH-BID
Outbid and outbluff for rare antiques
ACQUIRE:
Expand hotel chains without losing your shirt
BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL:
Choose your lineup call the pitches and play ball!
PRO FOOTBALL:
Don t fumble now, you re the quarterback!
JUMPIN.
Leap your enemy s pawns before he leaps yours
FACTS IN FIVE:
Keep your cool with quick recall
BREAK-THRU.
Navigate your flagship and avoid the capture!
Now there are 17 ways to enjoy a "play-in."
3M Bookshelf Games and 3M Sports Games at gift and department stores everywhere.
3M COMPANY



Bass Weejuns® in Corfam® capture The Free and Easy Life

Set o fost poce, or o slow one. Everything goes in this smortly groined ond ontiqued loafer becouse it's mode of Du Pont CORFAM*.

Be octive; this remorkoble poromeric shoe upper moteriol keeps its shope. Yet it flexes eosily with every step ond breothes to oid foot comfort.

Be corefree; CORFAM keeps its good looks. Erose dust ond normol dirt with the wipe of o cloth, coked-on mud with a moist sponge. Toke chonces; CORFAM repels woter ond won't permonently water spot.

Feel free...you're in Corfam®

BASS WEEJUNS in CORFAM, about $22.
For the store nearest you, call ony hour, ony day at no telephone charge. (800) 243-1890 In Connecticut, call collect 853-3600.

*Reg U S Pat Off for Du Pont's man made poromeric

DU PONT

Better things for better living ... through chemistry

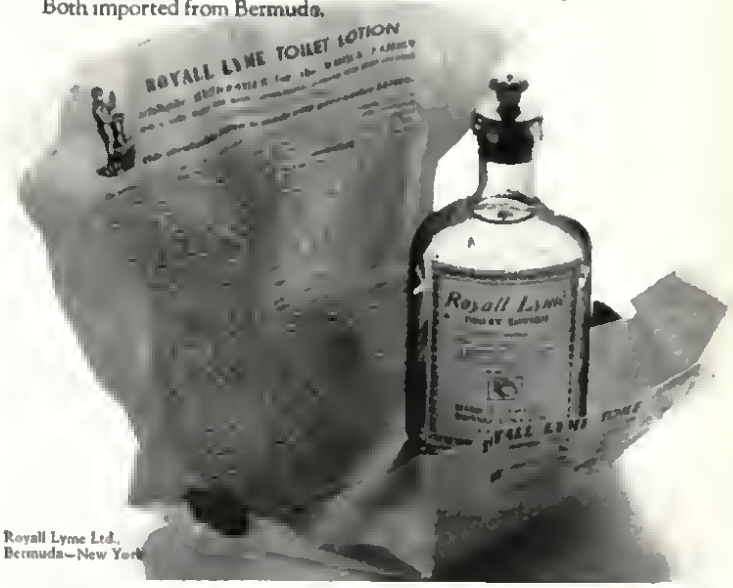
bonus of 50%, because tiger shark is top-quality hide. At 7¢ a pound, Rayen will get back at least $10 for the meat, and for the fins (which are relatively small on a tiger) probably another $3. While all this sounds very profitable, no one should think of giving up a steady job at the local putty factory tomorrow with a mind to making a financial killing on Florida sharks. As Rayen well knows, many things can go wrong before the shark in the sea is converted into cash. In one of those breezy, wet spells of weather that Florida occasionally has, water may leak into Les Rayen's storage house, dampening salted hides stacked for shipment. The fresh water creates sour spots on the hides, and an $18 hide so spoiled may bring less than $5. When Rayen has laid a line of 100 hooks within half a mile of shore, often the first prize brought to the boat will be a male lemon shark. If so, Rayen prays that the male lemon does not throw the hook. When a hooked lemon does get loose, instead of simply taking it on the lam as any wild creature should, it most often swims along the line taking a bite out of every other shark hooked on it. Then, having ruined the other hides as if in spite, the lemon for some dumb reason usually will find a bait that has not yet been taken, swallow it hook and all, thus surrendering itself for the second time. Why does a lemon do that? No one knows.

On a fair day Rayen may string 400 baited hooks out on 4,800 feet of quarter-inch galvanized cable. The next day, when he would ordinarily go out and haul in the catch, the wind may swing to the northeast and howl from that direction for four or five days. By the time he can get safely back out through the shifty sands of the inlet, Rayen knows the catch on the line will be too long dead to have any value, but he must retrieve his gear since the main cable, the ⅛-inch leaders, the bronze snap shackles and the big Mustad hooks from Norway are worth more than $1,000. Anyone caring to know what it is like to haul 4,800 feet of line and find it burdened with overripe sharks can approximate the experience by opening 100 cans

continued

"I want Royall Lyme made by men, not their machines."

Our proprietor didn't want Royall Lyme to be like any other product.
He wanted it to be a distinctive lime scent suitable for (as he put it) gentlemen and gentlewomen.
He wanted it to be the freshness of the Island's breeze in a bottle.
A scent to be enjoyed after the bath, the shower, the shave, as an infallible refresher at all times.
That's what he wanted. That's what it is.
Royall Lyme Toilet Lotion. Also available, Royall Spyce. Both imported from Bermuda.



Royall Lyme Ltd., Bermuda—New York

MIG

144th Consecutive Quarterly Dividend

$4.8 million, equal to 5 cents a share, to 162,596 shareholders.

Payable December 23, 1968
Record, November 29, 1968

Cumulative total of dividends for year $17.7 million, equal to 18 3 cents a share.

Massachusetts Investors Growth Stock Fund

Grahm Junior College

TELEVISION AND RADIO BROADCASTING

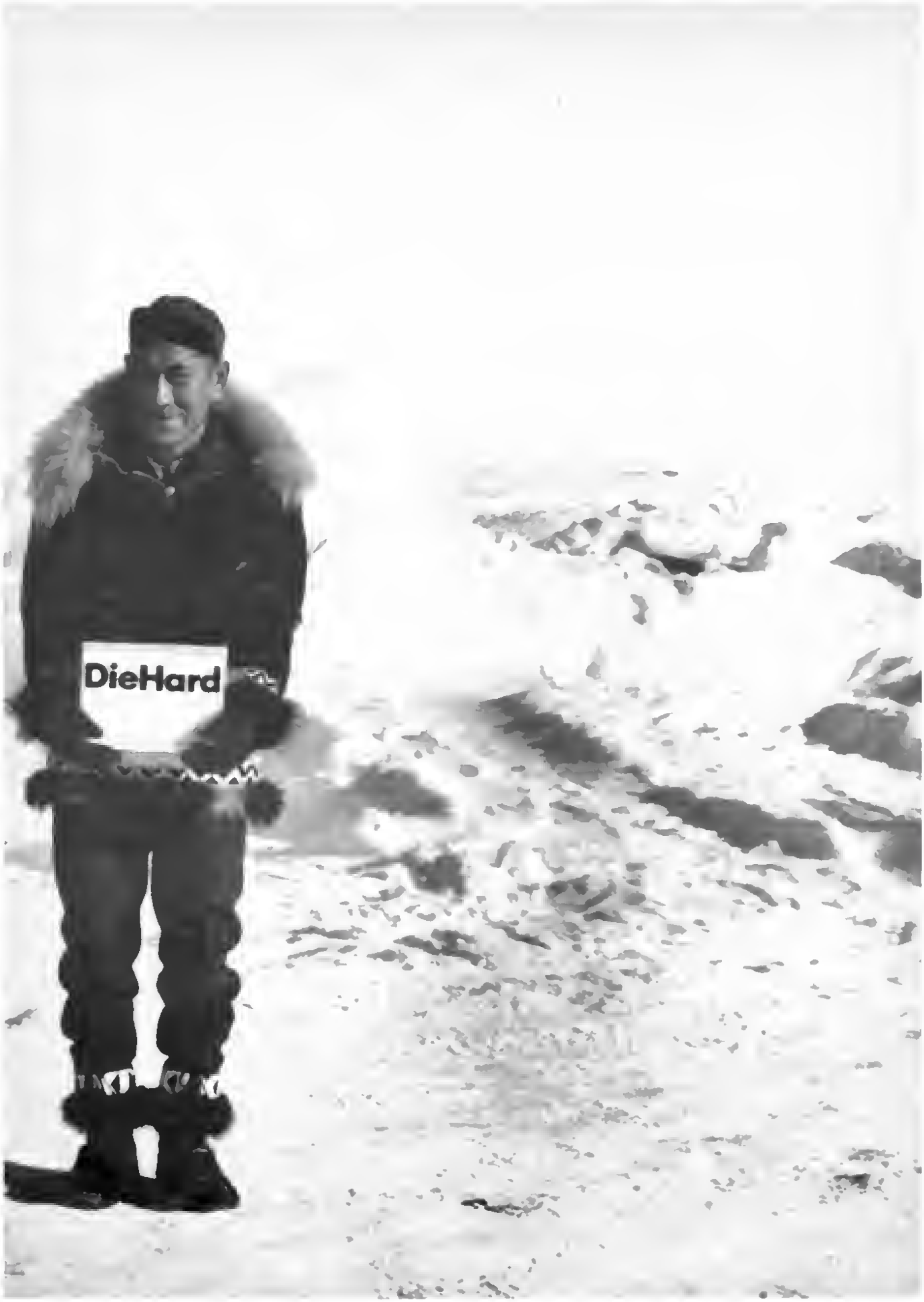
Learn by doing. Two Year Work-Study Programs include announcing, scriptwriting, production, programming, management, sales, news, sports. Liberal Arts. Professional faculty, studios and equipment. Learn on school stations WCSB and WCSB-TV. Student activities. Placement. Dormitories. Co-ed. Catalog. Write Mr. Wood, Grahm Junior College (formerly Cambridge School), 632 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02215.



Howard Johnson's designed a motor lodge for the man who travels on business.

For Instance: a four-inch longer bed for big business types.

For free directory, write 49 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020.


DieHard

The DieHard™ thinks there's no place like Nome

At 40 below, it's still—size for size—America's most powerful car battery by 35%.

At 40 below—or however cold it gets where you live—some engines wouldn't turn over with dynamite. But if your engine is in reasonably good shape, you stand a better chance of getting started with the DieHard than with any other battery around.

Because the DieHard has 35% more usable starting power than any other battery around. The white case has a lot to do with it. Not because it's white but because it's polypropylene. And because that's up to 6 times stronger than old black rubber cases, the walls can be 50% thinner. This leaves more room inside for bigger plates and extra acid. Translated, more power.

Even if your old battery isn't quite worn out, it won't cost you any more to trade in now, and play it safe. The DieHard will probably outlast your car. It's guaranteed for five years (and when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees).

You can buy the DieHard in any of more than 2500 Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores. And you can Charge It on your Sears Revolving Charge.

Why wait? Make cold weather starting easy as Eskimo Pie®.

The Sears 5-year guarantee. "Free replacement within 90 days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee."

The DieHard. Sold only at Sears $29.95 with trade-in. In Canada, at Simpsons-Sears at slightly higher prices.

Sears
ALLSTATE
You can't do better than Sears.

DieHard batteries now fit 88% of the 12-volt cars on the road. Sears carries a complete line of other fine batteries as well, in a wide range of prices.



We think

Wayne King

is great!

Wayne is a special type of insurance man. When you meet him you'll quickly recognize him for what he is . . . a specialist . . . an acknowledged expert in his field of financial planning.

Wayne's office is located at 3411 Office Park Drive, Dayton, Ohio. When you have Wayne King working for you, you've got one of the best.

CONNECTICUT GENERAL

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford *At Connecticut General we do things a little differently.*

Ski Buffs do it!



English Leather

The ALL-PURPOSE LOTION for the man who wants to be where the action is. Very schussy. Very masculine. $2.50, $4.00, $6.50. From the complete range of ENGLISH LEATHER® men's toiletries

A PRODUCT OF MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTH SALE, N. Y. 11768

JON-E WARMER TWIN-PAC



The warmest Christmas Gift you can give!

Here's a gift that's sure to please everyone on your list who works or plays outdoors during cold winter months.

Jon-e Warmers give off warm comforting heat (without flame) all day on 1 filling of Jon-e fluid. These pocket "personal radiators" are made of rust-proof stainless steel. Guaranteed to give a lifetime of comfort during cold weather.

JON-E TWIN PAC $4.50

JON-E FLUID
8-oz. can . . . 59¢
16-oz. can . . . 95¢



At all sports counters

ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.
620 S. 8th Street • Minneapolis, Minnesota

of sardines and letting them sit for a fortnight in a warm room.

One of the easiest ways to gauge the problems of the sharking game is to go aboard Les Rayen's boat, close your eyes and merely listen to the changes in his vocabulary as the day wears on. Rayen ordinarily is an unruffled, circumspect individual, most genteel in manner and speech. He meets most of his setbacks and surprises on land with one simple expletive: "Oh, for heaven's sake." When he is out on his boat, as the first large tiger shark is hauled to the surface, in similar fashion he simply exclaims, "Oh, for heaven's sake. This shark has tail-wrapped one leader and is foul-hooked on another." As tiger after tiger is hauled up, flailing and writhing, some of them clamping onto the bow of the boat with their jaws, others fouling two and three leaders and refusing to succumb although half a dozen .45 slugs are put in their brains, Rayen's language gets increasingly saltier and hotter. By the weary end of the day, his strongest expletives, if transmitted short wave, would burn holes in the face of the moon. It is altogether a vigorous effort for a shaky profit, but certainly a benefit to many communities that are only faintly aware that such an industry exists.

If you, gentle reader, are impressed by the Florida shark problem, here is what you can do to help. Whenever you order sharkfin soup in a Chinese restaurant, insist on Florida fins. (The inscrutable Chinese themselves recognize more than 200 different grades of sharks fins so they are hardly in a position to object if you are picky and choosy.) Conversely, when dining in Europe, be most tolerant of fish entrées. If the Dover sole you order tastes more like a flank cut off a brontosaur, possibly it is Florida shark. Wash it down with a good wine, for you will be keeping pressure on the shark. To really help the cause, of course, you can buy a handsome pair of shark-leather shoes ($45.00 and up). If that seems steep, then buy a belt ($11.50 and up). Remember, by so doing, the life you save may be your own. **END**

IS IT TRUE A NEATNIK HAS MORE DATES?



Girls always go for the well-groomed man in a Sears Perma-Prest® shirt with matching tie and pocket handkerchief.

Sears Perma-Prest shirts are 50% Celanese® Fortrel® polyester and 50% cotton. So no more puckery seams, no wilted collars, no wrinkly cuffs. And no more ironing when tumble dried.

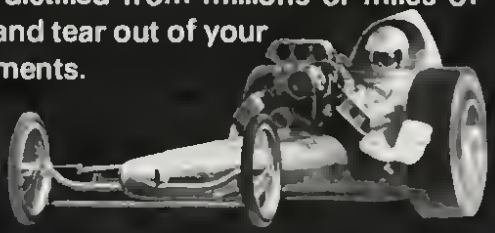
A great selection of assorted tattersalls and stripes in gold, green and blue. Deep-toned glens and windowpanes, too —all now at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Note to Neatniks: Only Sears has the Perma-Prest shirts men like.

The Stop-Start Torture Test



Continual braking and accelerating can be tough on your car's engine. With moments of stress equalled only in competitive racing. Moments that cause excessive engine wear. That's why your car needs the full-time extra protection built into Valvoline—the motor oil that's race proved to meet the rigors of everyday driving. Every can of Valvoline contains the power, performance, and protection know-how distilled from millions of miles of racing. Take the wear and tear out of your engine's toughest moments.
Ask for Valvoline.





Race proved for your car

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Ashland, Ky. Ashland Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA BALTIMORE (17-6) held a narrow Eastern lead by winning three out of four. Substitute Jack Marin scored 18 and had 16 rebounds in a win over Atlanta. Bailey Howell of BOSTON (15-6) scored five points in the last 18 seconds in a 117-113 win over PHILADELPHIA (12-6). The 76ers, in splitting four games, beat Phoenix 126-119 as Wally Jones had a career high of 34 points. CINCINNATI (13-8) lost two of three, beating Detroit 122-112 as Oscar Robertson hit 14 points in the final period and 40 for the game, his season high (*page 26*). DETROIT (10-12), dividing four downed Phoenix 125-111 as Dave DeBusschere scored 32 with 22 rebounds. Walt Bellamy of NEW YORK (10-14) got 10 of 12 Knick points to spark a last quarter spurt that beat the Pistons. MILWAUKEE (6-15) won at San Francisco to break a 10-game losing streak on the road. LOS ANGELES (15-7) held its Western lead, dividing four and beating Boston 93-92 after trailing 58-44 at the half. SAN FRANCISCO (11-11) only win was a 140-119 pointfest with Milwaukee. Warrior Clyde Lee hit a career high of 35 points. ATLANTA (12-12) moved into a second-place tie with San Francisco by splitting four. Coach Richie Guerin came off the bench and made 13 assists in a 94-91 win over Cincinnati. SAN DIEGO (10-12) also divided four, snapping a seven-game Philadelphia streak with six straight points in overtime. CHICAGO (10-15) won three but needed two Bob Boozer free throws in the last seven seconds in one of them. SEATTLE (10-17) won four and moved out of the cellar. PHOENIX (5-15) fell to last, losing its 10th straight.

ABA. OAKLAND (16-2) continued its Western massacre, winning four games. Rick Barry began his week by scoring 25 at Houston, one of his lowest totals in three seasons as a pro, but got 129 in three more victories. LOS ANGELES (8-8) won two out of five, getting nine points from Larry Miller in overtime to beat Houston 117-109. NEW ORLEANS (8-8) rose to a three-way tie for second. Red Robbins' six overtime points beat DENVER (8-8), which got 70 points from Lonnie Wright in two triumphs. DALLAS (6-7) had its first good week, winning three of four; the Chaparrals beat the Bucs 116-113, with 22 points and 28 rebounds by 7-footer John Smith. HOUSTON (3-9) lost three straight. MINNESOTA (11-4) opened up a wide Eastern lead with four straight wins. Connie Hawkins had 155 points, breaking the league record with 57 in a 110-101 victory over the Nets. MIAMI (7-8) lost three out of four but rose to second because KENTUCKY (8-10) lost four straight. Tom Bowens of NEW YORK (7-10) scored 14 third-period points in the Nets' only win, 91-84 over Kentucky. INDIANA (5-13) beat Los Angeles in the last three minutes 108-103, but also lost two.

FOOTBALL NFL. The toe rivaled the arm as an offensive weapon, in five close games 13 field goals were kicked by the winners. Mike Clark of DALLAS (10-2) kicked his second of the night with his team behind 20-19 in the last period. The Cowboys clinched the Capitol Division title by downing third-place Washington (4-8) 29-20. Sam Baker of PHILADELPHIA (1-11) scored all his team's points with four field goals, one in each period, in a 12-0 shutout of Detroit (3-7-2). BALTIMORE (11-1), atop the Coastal Division, scored its third shutout in five games, a 44-0 annihilation of Atlanta (2-10). the Coastal doormat. Earl Morrall threw two touchdown passes. LOS ANGELES (10-1-1) got three Roman Gabriel-to-Wendell Tucker scoring combinations in a 31-3 win over Minnesota (6-6), knocking the Vikings back to a Central Division tie. Tommy Davis of SAN FRANCISCO (6-5-1) kicked two field goals to assure an upset 27-20 win over Green Bay (5-6-1), now half a game out of the Central Division lead. Mac Percival of CHICAGO (6-6) kicked three field goals and the Bears beat New Orleans (3-8-1) 23-17 to tie Minnesota for the Central Division lead. CLEVELAND (9-3) got four touchdowns from Leroy Kelly, the NFL's leading rusher, and knocked New York (7-5) out of the Capitol Division race, 45-10. Jim Bakken of ST. LOUIS (7-4-1) broke a 10-10 tie in the fourth quarter with his second field goal, and the Cards were ahead to stay in a 20-10 victory over stubborn Pittsburgh (2-9-1).

AFL. NEW YORK (9-3) clinched the Eastern Division title watching TV and eating turkey as second-place Houston (5-7) lost to Kansas City on Thanksgiving Day 24-10. Three days later reserve Quarterback Babe Parilli threw two touchdown passes to Don Maynard in the fourth quarter to secure a 35-17 comeback win over third-place Miami (4-7-1). Joe Namath stayed loose, playing only the first half but throwing two touchdown passes. BOSTON (4-8) got three touchdown passes from rookie Quarterback Tom Sherman, and the Pats ended a five-game losing streak with a 33-14 win over Cincinnati (3-10), last in the West. KANSAS CITY (10-2) held its tie in the Western Division with its victory over Houston. Quarterback Len Dawson hit Frank Pitts with two second-half touchdown passes. Dawson also had an earlier scoring pass. OAKLAND (10-2) stayed even with Kansas City, winning 13-10 on Thanksgiving Day over Buffalo (1-11-1) last in the East. Rookie Cornerback George Atkinson intercepted two passes, which led to nine points, and ended late rallies by forcing a fumble and batting down two passes. John Hadl of SAN DIEGO (9-3) threw three early touchdowns to Lance Alworth in a 47-23 rout of Denver (5-7). He later set a club record with a fifth TD pass in the last period, also to Alworth.

HARNESS RACING NEVELE PRIDE was named Harness Horse of the Year for the second straight time by the U.S. Trotting Association.

HOCKEY NHL. MONTREAL (13-5-3) beat Los Angeles 4-2, then had its four game win streak stopped by Oakland. Les Canadiens held a one-point East Division lead over NEW YORK (14-7), which won twice, putting a halt to a five-game undefeated streak by BOSTON (12-6-3). The Bruins had gotten a hat trick from Phil Esposito to beat Toronto 7-4 before tying St. Louis in the last game of their streak. CHICAGO (11-9-1) stayed in fourth after beating Minnesota 6-0 on Dave Dryden's second shutout in three games. TORONTO (9-6-5) was winless. DETROIT (8-8-3) stayed in the cellar but beat Philadelphia 5-2 on two goals and an assist from Gordie Howe (*page 22*). ST. LOUIS (11-6-5) added to its West Division lead by winning two and drawing one. Western scoring leader Red Berenson had two goals in a 3-1 win at Detroit. He scored another in Glenn Hall's second shutout of the season, 1-0 over the Flyers. LOS ANGELES (7-12-2) lost two but won its first game in 10 on the road, 3-1 at Philadelphia. OAKLAND (6-13-4) won, tied and lost. Jean-Paul Parise of MINNESOTA (6-11-4) scored twice in a tie at Toronto, but the North Stars were winless. PHILADELPHIA (6-13-2) lost three games and fell to a last place tie with PITTSBURGH (5-12-4), which had a good week, winning two and tying one.

HORSE RACING Tartan Stable's DR. FAGER was the unanimous choice as Horse of the Year in the poll conducted by *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*. He also was named Best Handicap Horse, Best Sprinter and Best Grass Horse.

TRACK & FIELD CROSS-COUNTRY. JOHN MASON, of Fort Hays Kansas State College, won the AAU championship. VILLANOVA won the team title, its second of the week, having already won the NCAA championship. The individual NCAA winner was MIKE RYAN of the Air Force Academy. TARRY HARRISON, of Colorado State University, won the USTFF championship. All three meets were held at Van Cortlandt Park in New York City. In Frederick, Md., MRS. DORIS BROWN of Seattle's Falcon Track Club won the AAU women's championship.

MILEPOSTS NAMED. As 1968 winner of the Heisman Memorial Trophy, awarded to the season's outstanding college football player, ORENTHAL JAMES (O.J.) SIMPSON, University of Southern California running back (*page 18*).

CREDITS

18, 19—Walter [illegible] 20—[illegible]y 5-1; [illegible]e; Wes[illegible] Jr. 22; 24, 25—[illegible]e; [illegible]ay 26-28—Hous[illegible]; 32, 33—d[illegible]ng; [illegible]y Mar[illegible]nd 40-1—ch[illegible]; ch[illegible]r 41, 42—Kennedy; Phot[illegible] Service 56; AP; P 65; Co[illegible]; [illegible]; [illegible] P[illegible]yone 66—[illegible]; 67—John [illegible] Hall 68, 69—Peter [illegible]; [illegible] 71, 72—[illegible]el Phrazy 89; Jack White.

FACES IN THE CROWD



SCOTT HEILMAN, 8, of Fort Lauderdale, took first in the eight-year-old lightweight division (68 pounds) of the Dallas International Judo Tournament. He was Florida state champion in his age group last year, and has placed second and third in other tourneys.



DEBBIE LAUER, 17, of Carmichael, Calif., won the Central Pacific Senior Ladies Figure Skating Championship at Squaw Valley. She has been skating competitively only two years, but in her first major competition won the Southwest Pacific Championship.



A. L. (RED) ENLOE, 65, of Decatur, Ga., won the first outdoor USLTA National 65-and-over Championship at Cape Coral, Fla., then teamed with the man he defeated to win the doubles title. Enloe is the nation's sixth-ranked 60-and-over player.



JIM WHITE, 17, a senior at Barstow (Calif.) High School, kicked a 58-yard field goal against Ontario High. The professional football record is 56 yards. White is 10 for 16 in field goal attempts, averaging 37 yards, and has a 53.8-yard kickoff average.



MARK SIMS, 13, won 25 hrsls and 10 seconds at 50 to 660 yards over a two-year period for the Enid (Okla.) Track Club and broke six age group meet records. An eighth-grader, he also plays football, basketball and baseball for Longfellow Junior High.



DAVE KARTIO, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., a senior on the University of North Dakota hockey team, scored four goals in a 4-3 win over Denver, the defending NCAA champion. All four came after his team was behind 3-0. The win snapped a 22-game Denver win streak.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TEXAS TRADITIONALISTS

Sirs

I salute Texas A&M. The article by Myron Cope (*The Proudest Squares*, Nov. 18) points out that the school is the butt of many jokes for its continued adherence to some old virtues—loyalty, obedience and reverence. This is not surprising. These days the squares are out of vogue. The dissenters are everywhere, always tearing down, never building up, always knocking, always downgrading, looking for the easy way.

Well, Mr. Cope says they aren't taking it easy at Texas A&M. They still are under the impression that self-discipline, physical fitness, religious faith and hard work are important equipment in life. They believe in sweating it out instead of sitting it out.

Let us be thankful for an environment that recognizes a square deal for honest men who look other men squarely in the eye. To be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, a man must commit uncommon acts of valor above and beyond the call of duty. Where do we get such men? Mr. Cope states that during World War II, six were squares from Texas A&M.

H. L. Parker

Spartanburg, S.C.

Sirs

Mr. Cope really told it like it is on the Texas A&M campus today. He said, "The civilians are a new breed of Aggie, and the cold truth is that one encounters no difficulty finding a great many students who say of Aggie jokes, 'I love 'em.'" Mr. Cope is right. These are students, not Aggies. Mr. Cope asks, "What would Texas be without true Aggies?" I do not offer an answer to this question.

You can't imagine how much this means to me as a senior in the corps of cadets. Everyday I become more aware of the traditions being destroyed and the changes taking place on the Texas A&M campus.

Danny G. Seale

College Station, Texas

HARVARD-ON-THE-HOCKING

Sirs

We would like to thank William Johnson and SI for the article *A Golden Age Comes to Athens* (Nov. 25). We fondly call our university Harvard-on-the-Hocking, but we are in no way trying to emulate that Cambridge, Mass. school or any other. Ohio University has a tradition and an atmosphere all its own—definitely 1968, not 1804, as was implied in the article.

Jan Muntean
Janie Orchard
Elaine Pearson

Athens, Ohio

Sirs

Thank you for your fine article on Ohio University's educational setup and football team. However, besides dating events from OU's 1965 0-and-10 season (my freshman year) we also date events from our annual spring floods and April or May releases of pent-up student emotions in the form of mass meetings and large gatherings on street corners, termed "riots" by the press. We have also dubbed ourselves the Berkeley-of-the-Backwoods. These are points of information, not criticism.

Rick Hartung

Athens, Ohio

Sirs

In Kentucky, we have always considered Transylvania College in Lexington as the oldest institution of higher education west of the Alleghenies. Transylvania was founded in 1780 and was attended by Jefferson Davis, among other well-known men.

William D. Pratt, M.D.

McDowell, Ky.

WESTERN ILLINOIS STYLE

Sirs

While reading Alfred Wright's otherwise excellent article on the California Bears (*Beards Are Cooled but the Bears Are Hot*, Nov. 4), I was dismayed by his final reference to Western Illinois State Normal, along with Eureka, as a place where Governor Ronald Reagan might have been "molded in the great intellectual traditions of statehouse politics." Please be informed that our name is now Western Illinois University (we dropped the normal school label in 1921) and also that Governor Reagan was never enrolled in our institution. Eureka College was a better guess!

Finally, in terms of intellectual tradition, we at Western have absolutely no objection at all to emulating the University of California at Berkeley.

John T. Bernhard
President
Western Illinois University

Macomb, Ill.

DRAFT CHOICES

Sirs

The hope around Franklin Field in Philadelphia is that the Eagles will lose their remaining games so they will have first pick for O.J. At least twice a game the action is stopped because the "Joe's gotta go" shouts are too loud. One section will start, then all the fans will be shouting in unison. It is quite amusing.

Everyone is praying for O.J., but Old Joe Kuharich might let us down. He has a knack for doing foolish things. If the Eagles do have the first draft choice there is a good chance that Joe will pick Joe Flubb over O.J. Joe just does things like that.

There is a Ban Joe Club in Philadelphia. If you send $2 to the club you get a Joe Must Go button, an aerial pennant or bumper sticker, JMG megaphone, JMG poster, JMG matches and the official *Don't Cry, Joe, Just Go, Just Go* song. If Jerry Wolman owned that club, his financial difficulties would be solved.

Rich Hoag

Rydal, Pa.

Sirs

Here is a very simple way to determine which NBA team will get to draft Lew Alcindor. While the top four teams in each division are doing battle for the NBA championship, the rest of the league could compete in the CELLAR (Crummy Elimination for Legal Lew Alcindor Rights). The tournament would work like this.

The fifth- and sixth-place teams in each division would play a three-out-of-five game series, with the losers earning the right to meet the seventh-place teams in another three-of-five game series. Each of these losers would then meet in a best-of-seven (or worst-of-seven) series. The loser of this would gain the rights to Lew Alcindor.

The answer to those skeptics who might claim that every game would end in a scoreless tie is also very simple. All that need be done is to have each team shoot at its opponent's basket. But since this might give Alcindor to the best team, I suggest that after each quarter the baskets be switched. This should be done completely arbitrarily, so that none of the players, the coaches, the referees or the fans would know which basket belonged to whom. Before each game Walter Kennedy would choose the quarters in which the west basket would belong to the home team (unless the court ran from north to south). The written selections would then be placed in the left hip pocket of one referee. Barring a successful pickpocket attempt, imagine the excitement of the fans as they await the decision at the end of the game.

But imagine their disappointment when Lew Alcindor signs with the ABA.

Bartholemew Bronwin

Malden, Mass.

HIGH POINTS

Sirs

I read with great interest the post-Olympic article by Dr. Roger Bannister (*A Debt Was Paid Off in Tears*, Nov. 11) and feel compelled to express my own views. I agree with Dr. Bannister in that sea-level distance runners were at a tremendous disadvantage

continued



OUR STILLER doesn't hold much for instruments and formulas in making Jack Daniel's. To him, it's a matter of feeling out the run.

Our stiller will admit to having a few gauges around. And he knows there's a formula for making whiskey somewhere. But he goes by instinct and experience. He knows the run is ready by the sound it makes pumping through the still. That's the way his father and uncle before him and Mr. Jack before them did it. And a taste of Jack Daniel's, we think, will tell you we're well off to have his kind of know-how.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

© 1968, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

Doctors Find Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids



And Promptly Stop Itching, Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases - to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place

The answer is *Preparation H*® - there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

Mail to. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
540 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State **Zip Code**

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint etc

To order SI check box ☐ new ☐ renewal Rates Continental US 1 year/$9 Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, 1 yr/$10 All Military Personnel 1 yr/$6 All other 1 yr/$14

Whatever altitude training these world-class distance runners may have had prior to the Games, they really had very little chance of beating those good-to-very-good runners who have lived their entire lives at altitude I believe that in all fairness the IOC should have considered the apparent inequities and should have sought to make reasonable adjustments

One alternative would have been to hold those track and field events that are not adversely affected by altitude at Mexico City and those that are (the distance races) at a sea-level location, such as Acapulco

On another point, I have to disagree emphatically with Dr Bannister and agree wholeheartedly with those who profess that "the Olympic Games belong to the whole world." It is the world that is larger than the Games and not the Games that are larger than the world, and it is we who are narrow-minded if we tell one of the great cities of the world that it need not submit a bid to host the Games because it is 7,349 feet above sea level

I, like Dr Bannister, am a former miler, and I was also in Mexico City for the Games I saw, heard and felt the pride of the Mexican people in having had the opportunity to host the Olympic Games, and to me this is as much a part of the Games as competing in them Some may want to deprive such peoples of this great opportunity I do not

My heart weeps for the distance runners and cheers for the Mexicans

JIM BEATTY
State Representative

Charlotte, N C

NOMINATIONS

Sirs

How could anyone but Bill Russell be named Sportsman of the Year? He revolutionized the game, led the Celtics to nine world championships, and this year, after they had been counted out, he led the Celtics back from a three-games-to-one deficit to a tenth world championship Can one man achieve more in the world of sports?

JEFF LANTOS

Johnstown, Pa

Sirs.

Joe Kuharich is my nomination for Sportsman of the Year Although his ability as a coach is questioned by some, he has the perseverance of a true sportsman

CHRIS CLEGHORN

Reading, Pa

Sirs

I nominate Stan Mikita for Sportsman of the Year For the last two years Stan has won the National Hockey League's Lady Byng Trophy for most sportsmanlike conduct. Also for the last two years he has been the most valuable player (Hart Trophy) and the leading scorer (Art Ross Trophy).

RICHARD LLOYD

Bensenville, Ill

Sirs.

I feel that you should very seriously consider the nation's premier male swimmer—Charlie Hickcox—for Sportsman of the Year He set three American records at the NCAA championships last March at Dartmouth, he beat Mark Spitz in the AAUs in April and he won three golds and one silver medal a few weeks ago in Mexico City In Long Beach, Calif last summer, Charlie set world records in the 200- and 400-meter individual medleys. How about giving a little consideration to one of the greatest swimmers of all time?

JAMES E POOLE II

Geneva, N Y

Sirs

For the past few weeks you have devoted considerable space in the 19TH HOLE to nominations for Sportsman of the Year Your contributors have mentioned many noteworthy people; among them were many medal winners from the Summer Olympics. My nomination is still for Winter Olympian Jean-Claude Killy

MARC FREED

Menands, N Y

Sirs·

After she won two consecutive World Cup championships in skiing and two Olympic medals (including one gold), while at the same time finding time to promote amateur skiing in Canada, it is fairly evident that Nancy Greene deserves the honor.

MARVIN EPSTEIN
JOHN A. MCDONALD

Ottawa

Sirs

I nominate George Blanda for Sportsman of the Year At age 40 he led the American Football League in scoring with 116 points and had a 39 5 completion percentage as Daryle Lamonica's backup man

TOM KAPSIDELIS

Wheaton, Md

Sirs

I wish to nominate Heidi for Sportswoman of the Year I do this because NBC seemed to think that Heidi was more important than the final 58 seconds of the Jets-Raiders game In that period of time Heidi helped all viewers east of the Mississippi River to miss the Raiders' two decisive touchdowns Heidi should win by a mile, or at least by 58 "second hand" votes

SCOTT C ROSS

Freehold, N J.

If you think rising tuition costs are paying for college education

you're 2/3 wrong.

Tuition, rising though it is, covers only about ⅓ of what it takes to educate a student today.

And costs are multiplying. Colleges are girding themselves now for the undergraduate influx that could mean 10 million students by 1977.

The new dorms, laboratories, libraries and faculty salaries to sustain this learning population must be paid for. This could lead to a financial crisis, unless we —individuals and business—give education its rightful priority in the American scene.

If you think it's important, you'll prove yourself 100% right by sending a contribution to a college.

Give to the college of your choice.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION



A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting 19 by 21 inches may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department S1, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.6 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

The world's most popular Christmas Club.



Gift-wrapped at no extra cost.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

©The American Tobacco Company

U.S. Government Reports: Silva Thins lowest in "Tar" and Nicotine of all 100's. Lower than most kings....Yet better taste.

SilvaThins

The impossible cigarette.



